

The Outlook

JANUARY 5, 1921

GABRIELE AT BAY

NOW that the Italian forces are besieging Fiume, and a few thousand Fiuman troops and their *Illustrissimo commandante*, Gabriele d'Annunzio, face seven or eight times as many, people are pitying the "poor poet."

True, Gabriele is before everything a poet. True, also, he is in some respects a ridiculous figure, corseted and painted; true, he clothes his Arditi and legionaries in weird costumes and plasters them over with many medals. True, his proclamations are bombast, as, for instance, that one the other day in rejoinder to the Italian Government's announcement of the Treaty of Rapallo: "We observe that you use expressions such as 'King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes' or 'Jugoslavia.' We have not recognized the existence of such a state."

And yet, when all is said, for a year and a quarter Gabriele has held his own. Because of Fiume, Cabinets have come and gone. He has remained.

The reasons are evident. One is that he is a real patriot. During the months before Italy's entrance into the war no one did more to bring about that event than did he; the text of his appeals remains, an enduring honor. When Italy entered the war, he enlisted. He fought on land, at sea, and especially in the air. He was severely wounded. But this did not interrupt his feats of daring. When, after months of shilly-shallying, the city of Fiume proper, with a population emphatically Italian in majority, was being tossed about by the Powers, he, at the head of an armed force, landed at Fiume and proclaimed its annexation to Italy. The Italian Government was in a dilemma. It sent General Pittaluga to remove the poet, just as Marshal Ney had orders to stop Napoleon's march on Paris in 1815. The result was the same. Various other methods to dislodge d'Annunzio were tried and abandoned.

But d'Annunzio's second quality as leader is his persistence. He is an untiring worker. The result is that both his army and the population of Fiume have suffered comparatively little. They have been able to hold up their heads as they saw the three words their leader had inscribed on his banner, "*Quis Contra Nos?*"

The third quality revealed that which might be expected from a poet—con-

structive imagination—and it inspired civilians and soldiers alike with not a little fanatical fervor.

Recently the Italian Government reached an agreement with the Yugoslav Government, making Fiume absolutely independent. While this meant that Fiume would become practically Italian, it was not annexation, and when the Government called on d'Annunzio to recognize the Treaty that



(C) Keystone

GENERAL CAVIGLIA

leader declined and declared war on his own country. The Italian Government sent General Caviglia to compel him to obey. The General was the hero of the battle of Vittorio Veneto, Italy's decisive victory in the war; thus he occupies a position in the Italian mind similar to that of Marshal Joffre in France. Caviglia gave to the Fiumans, civilians and soldiers, forty-eight hours in which to get out of the town. There has been some fighting, with a reported loss of about fifty dead and one hundred wounded. Here again d'Annunzio invokes, according to the New York "Progresso," "glorious and liberating death," adding that "the holocaust will be a purifying bath for all Italy."

THE GERMAN SEED OF A RUSSIAN CROP

INTELLECTUALS, so called, have very generally agreed in treating the Bolsheviks as if they were the natural

product of the Russian Revolution. They have argued that we had no business to interfere with Bolshevism even during the war. Some of these intellectuals have disclaimed sympathy with the Bolshevik doctrines and practices, but have told us that those doctrines and practices were Russia's business and not America's. The fact that the Bolshevik number scarcely one in a hundred of Russians does not seem to shake the faith of these intellectuals in the truly Russian character of this pseudo-proletarian tyranny. The American people have been informed by the self-styled *intelligenza* that the initial mistake was sending any soldiers to Russia to combat the Bolsheviks. The mistake, that is, was not in resisting them too feebly, but in resisting them at all.

Of course all this argument quietly ignores the fact that ought to have been plain even to those who pride themselves on their intellect—that Bolshevism was really and literally a part of the German offensive. It ignores the fact that Lenine was financed by Germany and was sent into Russia by Germany as a part of the German effort to defeat Russia and that it was Germany's most successful effort in the war. It will be harder in the future for anybody hereafter to ignore these facts. In the "Daily Rul," of Berlin, a Russian publication, according to the New York "Herald," General William Hoffman, who was the chief figure among the Germans when they made "peace" with Russia at Brest-Litovsk, makes this statement:

I had charge of the propaganda department on the eastern front. During the war we used every device we knew to break the Russian front. One of these devices was poison gas; the other was Nikolai Lenine. The Kaiser's Government transported Lenine through Germany in a sealed car for a definite purpose. With our consent Lenine and his friends destroyed the Russian army.

Von Kuehlmann (one-time German Minister of Foreign Affairs) and Count Czernin (formerly Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister) and I closed the peace of Brest-Litovsk, principally in order to be able to throw our eastern army against the western front. While we were negotiating with the Russians, all of us were convinced the Bolsheviks would not remain in power longer than two or three weeks. Had we known—had we foreseen—the consequences, we would never have dealt with them in any way whatsoever. But we

did not consider the consequences then.

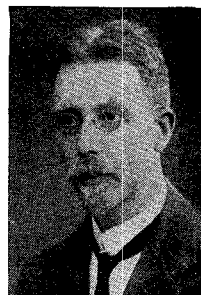
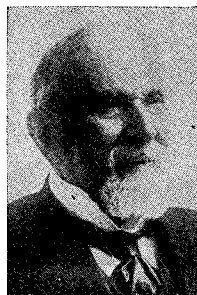
Perhaps this confession of General Hoffman, just because it comes from a German, will make an impression upon minds which have been hitherto unimpressed by the facts. In 1918 President Wilson acknowledged himself to be disillusioned. The Germans had accomplished their purpose, however, for they had succeeded in fooling enough Americans to prevent the United States from resisting this clumsily but effectively camouflaged offensive until it seemed to our military authorities too late for effective action. We wonder how long the further illusion will last that these forces which Germany let loose in Russia are still of concern to Russia alone.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

ON December 10, the anniversary of the death of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish scientist and philanthropist, the distribution of the prizes awarded by the terms of his will took place. The Outlook has already announced the names of the recipients of the prizes for peace and for literature—President Wilson and Knut Hamsun—for 1920. In addition, the prize for medicine was awarded to Professor August Krogh, of Copenhagen, a distinguished Danish scientist, and the prize for physics to Professor Charles Edouard Guillaume, of Sèvres, head of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures; he has perfected instruments for the measurement of a millionth part of a meter.

The prizes for 1919 were also awarded. The peace prize went to M. Léon Bourgeois, President of the French Association for the Society of Nations and the chief French delegate at the Paris Peace Conference, at which the League of Nations Covenant was framed. M. Bourgeois was also the chief delegate from France at the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and is a member of the Hague Arbitration Court. The prize for medicine was awarded to Dr. Jules Bordet, of Brussels, an authority on toxins, and that for literature to Karl Spitteler, the Swiss poet, essayist, and novelist. Spitteler's fame was accentuated by his anti-German stand six years ago during the controversy between extremists in the German and French cantons of Switzerland. This position lost him favor in Germany, where his books had received wide reading. But he gained corresponding favor in France, as was shown at the public celebration of his birthday in 1915, when the French Academy sent him "fraternal greet-

ings." He was educated at the Universities of Basle and Heidelberg and has lived the life of a schoolmaster. He was thirty-six before his first work, "Prometheus and Epimetheus," appeared in two volumes over the pseudonym "Felix Tandem." His books in prose and verse, such as "Gustav," "Lieutenant Konrad," "Butterflies," and the autobiographical novel "Imago," emphasize Swiss elements and points



KARL SPITTELER PROF. AUGUST KROGH

of view as distinct from the German. Spitteler's masterpiece, "Olympian Spring," is an original mythology in verse, in which classical names are retained, but they are the names of very human and, one might almost say, contemporary gods.

FAMINE IN CHINA

RETURNING from China, Mr. J. J. Underwood, correspondent of the Seattle "Times," reports on conditions in that country to Mr. F. J. Taylor, of the New York "Globe." Mr. Underwood predicts that if relief is not hurried to China at least twenty million Chinese will die from hunger this winter.

The crisis was caused, first, by the failure of last spring's crop in the four Chinese provinces drained by the Yellow River; second, by the devastation of last summer's crop there through locusts; third, by the annihilation of the autumn crop by drought. "Now there is not a leaf, a blade of grass, or a twig in all those four provinces," says Mr. Underwood. "Plants are pounced upon as soon as they show themselves above the ground and are eaten."

Nor is this the worst. Families sold their young to get them out of the famine area. "In all these provinces," adds Mr. Underwood, "there is scarcely a girl from twelve to twenty years left. They have been sold into slavery and prostitution and deported." Mr. Underwood continues:

Many men sold their entire families, and attempted to beg their way to Peking. Once they began to arrive there, they were driven out by the professional beggars. There begging is a concession, you know. The superstitious believe that in giving

to the beggar they are giving to the spirits.

The professional beggars declared the famine sufferers outlanders. They threatened to strike. This threat carried weight with the Pekingese, who helped drive the poor from the Yellow River region out of the capital. You see them straggling along the roads leading to Peking and other cities.

Meanwhile "the rest of China, much of it blessed with abundant crops, sits placidly by, superstitiously believing that the spirits intended the drought and famine as a means of regulating the overwhelming population of the land." What are the central and provincial governments doing? Mr. Underwood replies:

The Peking Government is weak. Its soldiers are underpaid.

The provinces are under control of governors-general, who levy taxes anywhere and of any amount to pay anything they wish. These governors-general seized railroad material which was needed to get food to the stricken area.

They quit these tactics when an American, J. E. Baker, was put in charge of the roads.

What is America doing? Mr. Underwood answers:

Baker is in charge of the distribution of funds raised by a special tax on railway tickets for the relief of the starving.

Another American, Major Emmett White, of the American Red Cross, is administering relief, but he has but \$500,000. It costs \$5 to save the life of a Chinaman in the famine area. Rather than spread his \$500,000 over the entire area and do little good to any one, Major White had to pick out a limited district and save 100,000 Chinese.

Mr. Underwood concludes thus:

I have no love for the Japanese, but my hat is off to them for what they did in Korea. Korea has always been a land of many famines due to droughts. When drought overtook Korea the Japanese got busy. They stopped the collection of rents, appropriated 40,000,000 yen, built roads everywhere, and put in a reclamation project. They put every Korean to work. They saved every Korean, when the loss, in an ordinary famine year, would have been a million.

That is what China needs.

And while she gets ready for it every American who can should help the American Red Cross.

A PAPAL STEP BACKWARDS

UNDER date of December 23 a despatch from Rome was published in the public press announcing that "the Holy Office issued a decree today asking Catholic bishops to watch an organization which, while professing

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

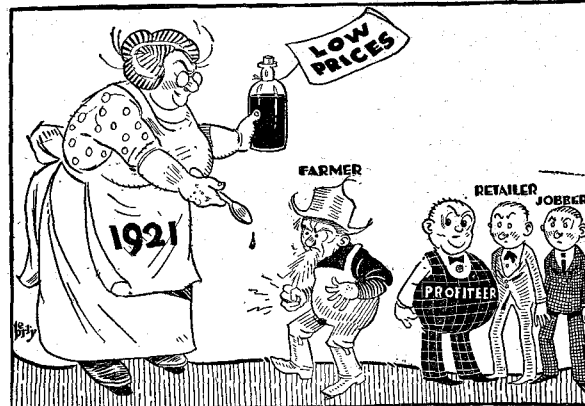
From the Portland Oregonian



WHEN DO WE GET OUR NEW DELIVERY SYSTEM?

From Alethe B. Wilson, Yakima, Washington

From the Nebraska Farmer



ALWAYS THE FIRST TO TAKE THE MEDICINE

From C. O. Jameyson, Wood River, Neb.

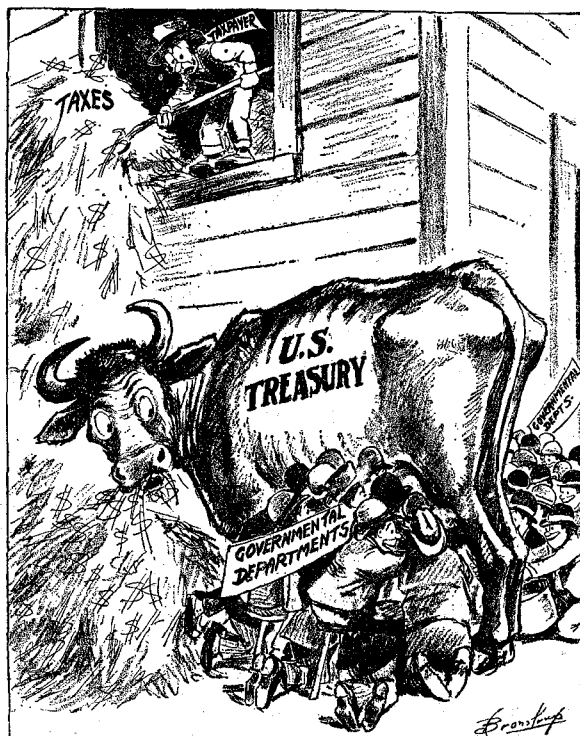
Ferguson in the Chicago Drovers Journal



OUR AMERICAN RATE OF EXCHANGE

From Mrs. Vernon Morriah, Flint, Mich.

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



LOOK OUT, SHE MAY GO DRY!

From J. F. Berry, San Francisco, Cal.

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



"SAY, MISTER, GIVE US YER TICKET!"

From Henrietta Jones, Lakewood, Ohio.



POPE BENEDICT XV

absolute freedom of thought in religious matters, instills indifferentism and apostasy to the Catholic religion in the minds of its adherents."

The despatch adds:

"The decree mentions the Young Men's Christian Association by name. It says that the organization is upheld by many Catholics who do not know its real nature and that it corrupts the faith of youths.

"Clauses of the canon law which forbid newspapers, periodicals, and organizations favoring religious radicalism and indifferentism are recalled in the decree. It requests the bishops to communicate to the Holy See within six months the decisions taken on the subject at regional congresses."

The Young Men's Christian Association is open to all creeds. In no sense is it a proselyting body. It has been directed by Protestants just as the Knights of Columbus organization is directed by Catholics. We had supposed that the purpose of both bodies was to serve all alike. Are we to infer from the Pope's decree that the Knights of Columbus are to be regarded as proselyters?

JUSTICE FOR THE JEW

THERE have been recently appearing in the public press of both England and the United States attacks on the Jews as the alleged instigators of hidden conspiracy, revolution, communism, and anarchy, by means of which, it was asserted, they hope to arrive at the world's leadership. Not a single week has passed, we were told, without a strike directly due to this conspiracy, no matter where troubles have occurred, whether in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Turkey, Portugal, France, Great Britain, or America.

The first feeling toward such propa-

ganda, the chief medium of which is a singular book called "The Protocols," was one of contemptuous indifference. But, as its influence on uninformed minds should not be underestimated, it has seemed wise to a number of prominent Americans to make a protest. Among those men are Cardinal Gibbons, ex-President Taft, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Robert Lansing, Herbert Hoover, Charles Evans Hughes, Alton B. Parker, Rabbi Wise, and Henry Morgenthau. These men—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews—declare that one of the grave problems of the present day concerns the rights of religious and racial minorities; that minority groups are being subjected to tyranny and oppression; and that "the alleged interests of the state have ever been the excuse of officials for persecuting a religious minority." The statement continues:

As for the excuse that persecution is for economic rather than religious or racial reasons, why is it, then, that it includes women and children as well as multitudes of men who are not engaged in business, and why does it not include men of other faiths who are notorious for the kind of financial dealings that are objected to? If persecution is primarily racial, rather than religious, it is none the less reprehensible. Race prejudice and religious bigotry are twins.

With regard to the "Jewish conspiracy" in particular, the statement, admitting that there are Jews prominent in some movements dangerous to society and government, adds:

It should also be recognized that Jews are prominent in most beneficial movements; that Jews are among the most intelligent, patriotic, and philanthropic citizens in our country, and that all dangerous movements include non-Jews.

Jews, like other people, are good, bad, or indifferent, and they have no monopoly of any one class.

The signers of this protest also appeal to all people of good will "to condemn every effort to arouse divisive passion against any of our fellow-countrymen, to aid in eradicating racial prejudice and religious fanaticism, and to create a just and human public sentiment that shall recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

In an early issue we shall print an authoritative article on "The Protocols," by a distinguished Russian, Baron Korff, late Vice-Governor of Finland under the Russian Government of Prince Lvov.

SCOUTS OF THE SEA

THERE is a branch of the Boy Scout movement which is less known than it should be, for it serves to encourage love for and understanding of

an element which has played a tremendous part in upbuilding the character of the American Nation.

One department of the Boy Scouts of America is known as "the Seascout Department." Its programme of activities not only prepares a boy for emergencies on water and on land, but it gives him a varied and interesting knowledge of seamanship. This organization is open only to registered Scouts at least fifteen years old and at least one hundred and twelve pounds in weight. The smallest group of Seascouts which can be organized must contain at least nine members.

Like the more familiar side of Boy Scout work, the Seascout Department grades its groups according to proficiency. The various classes are known by the names of different types of vessels; the lowest grade is the sloop class, the highest the ship class. The whole movement is organized in accordance with proper nautical terminology, but the programme of the movement is adapted both for boys who are fortunate enough to live near water and those who are marooned inland.

The Seascouts have an Admiralty Board, of which General George W. Goethals has just been elected Chairman. Mr. James Wilder is Chief Seascout, and those to whom this movement appeals will secure his enthusiastic support by addressing a letter to him at 164 East 38th Street, New York City. Mr. Wilder writes us: "I believe we've struck the thing that will do more for America than all the tomfool spellbinding we've heard for the last few years." Knowing Mr. Wilder, we feel sure that sea-loving Americans should second his appeal with the command, "Make it so!"

COMMON WORSHIP

AN Episcopal service held in a Congregational church is sufficiently exceptional to be worthy of record.

This occurred recently at the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. The full Episcopal service was read by the Rev. Drs. F. W. Norris and Robert Rogers, of the Church of St. Matthew and the Church of the Good Shepherd, respectively. The pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church, the Rev. Dr. J. Percival Huget, made a hearty address of welcome and the sermon was preached by Canon E. A. Burroughs, Canon of Peterborough Cathedral, England, and chaplain to the King. He said in part:

Although it is not the first time I have preached in a church not of my own denomination, it is the first time I have witnessed the evidence of Christian unity and fellowship as dis-

played here to-night. . . . It moves me deeply. . . . The whole world is waiting for a Christianity which is both catholic and free.

For society as a whole there are certain advantages as well as disadvantages in the differences among individuals and races. In religious experience as a whole there are also certain advantages and disadvantages in existing differences. But in the conduct of church services there is an advantage when people of widely different religious experiences can find a common expression of their fundamental unity by joining together in a liturgy that is ancient and inclusive.

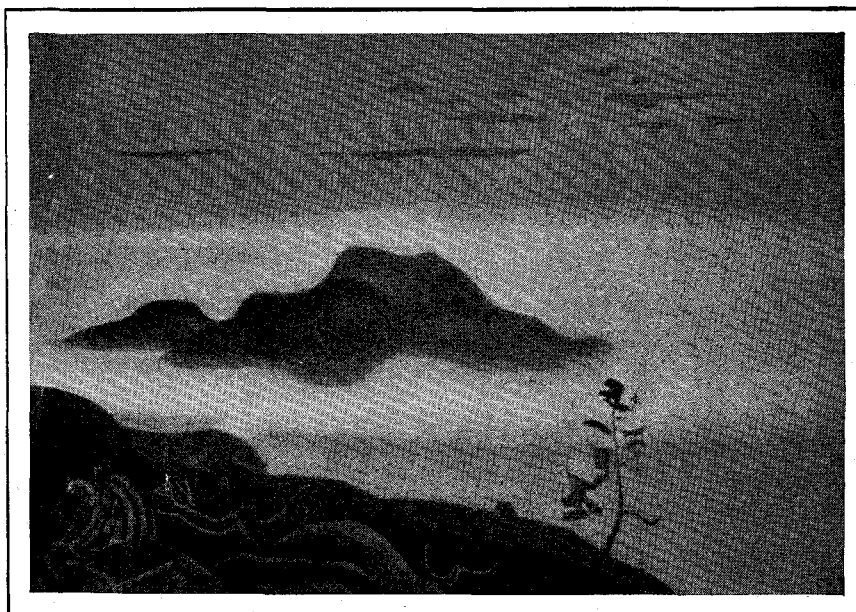
THE PICTURES OF NICOLAS ROERICH

WHETHER Slavic art shows itself in Pavlova's dancing, in Tchaikovsky's music, in Turgenev's writings, or in Roerich's paintings, we must acknowledge a strange, subtle appeal not found in the art of any other race.

Particularly is this felt in the pictures of Nicolas Roerich. Some of them are at present on exhibition at the Kingore Galleries, New York City; before long they will be taken to Chicago for exhibition there.

Many of them seem crude and fantastic. But even in some of the most fantastic you apprehend the painter's wish to express either purely imaginative sweeps of fancy, or his notions of primal forms or of primitive man; in others you feel his symbolism. Though his figures of men are often small and insignificant, and indeed quite lost in the landscapes, you have the feeling that human instincts and human ideals are being born in what may appear at first an apparently impersonal cosmic effect. And so you are not surprised to learn that some of these canvases illustrate the painter's idea of the stone age and some of "pagan Russia," those long-ago periods when Vikings and Phoenicians and Scythians held sway. In those periods Nicolas Roerich has really lived, moved, and had his being.

He grew up on his father's ten-thousand-acre estate in northern Russia, amid its primeval forests and lonely lakes. He gloried in the solitude of nature. His early attention was absorbed by the many mounds under which lie buried the Vikings of old, recalling the ages antedating the advent of Rurik, the founder of Russia, as we know it. (The artist's name, Roerich, by the way, is derived from Rurik.) Ere long the young Nicolas began excavating these mounds—secretly, because the law forbade it. He found bones, battle axes, belts, and brooches aplenty. His mind became charged



"THE TREASURE." PAINTED BY NICOLAS ROERICH IN 1910 AT VIBORG

An aboriginal creature, in the left lower corner, is hiding some treasure. The figure and the coming dawn are symbolic of present-day Russia.

with the legendary doings of distant days.

In turn, his art is charged with that lore. It is at once real and imaginative. Real, because his clouds actually float, because you are conscious of the cold, clear, sub-Arctic atmosphere; imaginative, because you see enchanted palaces of barbaric beauty, because old folk tales are illustrated before you. All have the quality, not of the sensuous well-populated south, but of the virile scantily populated north.

Of the two non-Russians whose art has appealed to Roerich one is Wagner, whose "Nibelungenlied" music-dramas Roerich illustrated in the Moscow Opera scenery; the other is the yet more mystic Maeterlinck, whose influence on Roerich is shown in a "Princesse Maleine" series.

For the moment Roerich is gloriously "a man without a country." He would not accept the high post offered him by the Bolsheviks.

FORGETTING 1920

TO a great many people in America the year that has just left us was depressing. In their memories it will remain as a time of low vitality, of disappointed hopes, of an idealism submerged in sordid selfishness, or, if not quite that, a year of painful awakening and rather unpleasant realities.

We have in mind two different groups of people who are glad to have 1920 out of the way.

One group consists of those who, having felt the exaltation of self-sacrifice during the war, have discovered that such feeling is not permanent either in themselves or in others. Having con-

fused their exalted feelings with idealism, they have been led to the conclusion that ideals are evanescent. Four years ago they were looking forward with dread to the possible entrance of the United States into the war. They loved peace, partly because they believed peace was right and partly because they knew it was comfortable. Then, when at last the United States became a partner in the task of restraining the madness of Germany, they consoled themselves with the thought that America was making war in order to end war. This, they came to believe, was to be the last great conflict of the centuries, and in that faith or hope they took their part in the task. Their souls were uplifted. Ahead of them was a vision of a golden age in which men would no longer strive with one another, but, instead, would work together for the common good. They found comfort in the thought of peace without victory. They were convinced that the hundreds of thousands of young men who went into the war were seeking to establish a federation of the world, a parliament of man. Their faith was confirmed by the extraordinary personal triumph which the President of the United States received in western Europe, amounting almost to adoration. Two years ago their hopes were high. They saw the man whose words had kept their emotions stirred throughout the long months of fighting, who had set forth in the name of the peoples of the world a programme of peace and imposed it upon the statesmen of other nations, who had, as they conceived it, won in the name of America a peace without victory—this man they saw the apparently dominating figure of the

Peace Conference, the molder of the new world order. Though their hearts were made sick by the deferring of peace through the year 1919, they held fast their faith. And then came 1920 and the end of all their expectation.

Another and a very different group are glad to rid themselves of the year 1920. They never wanted peace without victory. They saw from the beginning that the only peace that is ever worth while is peace through victory. They did not pin all their hopes and all their faith on any machinery for making the world over in a year or a decade or a century. They were content with the great task that was actually accomplished. Still they find 1920 an unpleasant memory.

"What do I think of 1920?" asks one of these. "I do not want to think about it. I want to forget it. It has been almost completely a year of negation, and negations are never inspiring. It has been a time not of getting on the right track but of getting off the wrong track. It has been a year of destruction rather than construction. It is all very well to say that it was necessary to tear down before we could build up, but I am always more interested in the erection of a sky-scraper than in its demolition. Specifically, this last year has seen the world engaged in a struggle to untangle the chaos of the Peace Treaty. It has seen the United States bending its colossal strength to the defeat rather than the election of a candidate for President. It has seen the army of commerce and industry marking time while it engaged in the painful but necessary process of deflation, and the end of this process is not yet. I look forward to 1921 with the hope that it will be a time of affirmation. I am sick and weary of negations."

Others there are, however, who have found in 1920 great satisfaction. They are those who believe that truth is always better than falsehood, that emotions are an unstable foundation for faith or life, and that no more can be expected of a year in history if it records the substitution of reason for emotion and truth for a dream. It is possible that future historians will say that the real victory in the Great War was won in 1920. America did not fight to make the world safe for democracy. Americans are not the kind of people to seek a safe world. Their forefathers were willing to leave a land where they might have been safe and sought a wilderness where they were distinctly unsafe. What they left their native land for was not safety but liberty, and for that they were willing to endure and to die. They were not the kind of people to seek peace first. They were therefore not disappointed when they

discovered that liberty meant struggle and strife. And their descendants sixty years ago were not seeking safety or peace. They were seeking liberty; some of them in one way, and some in another. But they sought it so eagerly that they were willing, like their forebears, to fight and die for it. And the Americans that went across the sea to fight in France and Flanders were not seeking to establish a permanent peace. Nor were they seeking any kind of safety. What they were seeking was to defend liberty. Individually and collectively they scorned safety. It did not matter to them whether freemen were safe or not. What did matter to them was that there should be in the world a power that denied freemen their right to be free. They hated war because they found it uncomfortable and full of restraints, but every one of them reserved the liberty, if he chose, of going to war again. And they proved that freedom is not only compatible with law, but can flourish only under law. Their contempt for their enemy was not only because he was a tyrant—and freemen always have contempt for tyranny—but because he was lawless.

During the war the real purpose of America was obscured, and for a time it almost seemed as if it might be thwarted. Peace was made an objective instead of freedom and justice. It seemed as if idealism was almost confounded with pacifism and emotional exaltation with virtue. And with the end of the war came a new danger to the real ideals of America. For month after month we were told almost without contradiction that unless an enduring peace were established by some compelling process the war against Germany and the resultant victory would prove to have been in vain. What will make 1920 memorable is the emergence of the truth from beneath that error. In that year men learned that peace with compulsion is no true ideal of freemen. In that year was established the true objective of the war—a new ideal of freedom under the law.

WE AGREE TO DIFFER ON A NUMBER OF THINGS

WE have taken the liberty of numbering certain paragraphs in the following letter which comes from a correspondent who seems to suspect The Outlook of undue sympathy for a number of isms. Our replies to these numbered paragraphs appear in the same order.

In accordance with the wishes of several voters, this communication is

submitted to you for publication in The Outlook at your earliest convenience.

(1) Since the five Socialists were expelled from the New York Assembly the editors of certain papers and magazines have manifested a maudlin sympathy for the ousted Assemblymen, which has encouraged the Reds to a great extent. Hence the time is propitious for an earnest consideration of the real facts pertaining thereto.

(2) The fundamental principle of political Socialism, together with its synonyms, Communism, Sovietism, and Bolshevism, is that of collective ownership, which no intelligent person believes can be installed peaceably, for it implies the inauguration of a régime very similar to what is now in vogue in Russia: viz., confiscation, rapine, and slaughter.

(3) Treason is an overt attempt to subvert the government to which the offender belongs. Therefore any one who defends the Reds in their diabolical efforts to acquire power and overthrow our present form of government becomes *particeps criminis* in the said offense.

(4) Debs became the idol of the Reds when he preached sedition and inculcated disloyalty to our Government. As a deserved punishment, Debs is now serving a long sentence in prison. Victor Berger was expelled from Congress because of his disloyalty and enmity toward the United States. The Reds consider him a martyr to their cause. Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman were deported along with many other Reds wholly because they manifested an earnest desire to disrupt our present form of government by inculcating treason and manifesting contempt for our laws.

(5) Although the five Reds expelled at Albany have thus far refrained from committing such acts as Debs or Berger were guilty of, yet their alliance with the Socialist party is *prima facie* evidence of their desire to overthrow our Government. Hence their expulsion was, and always will be, highly commendable.

(6) Another source of joy to all Reds is the advocacy of free speech by the major political parties, and which was ratified by millions of loyal Americans, regardless of the fact that free speech does not prevail in any civilized country. Free speech becomes a misnomer when its exercise is restricted by condign punishment. Speech is free enough now to proclaim anything worthy of being uttered.

Hitherto politics has generally been regarded as that division of ethics which deals with the government of a people and which assumes to safeguard their peace, prosperity, and happiness. But unless a marked change is made in its operations, a new definition should be applied.

WILLIAM WEST.

Cranford, New Jersey.

(1) We know of no newspaper or magazine save of an extremely radical tendency which has sympathized with the ousted Socialists themselves. The liberal and conservative press which

has complained against the ouster of the Socialists has been interested only in the principles violated in that ouster. It ought to be possible for citizens in a free nation to distinguish between sympathy with individuals or their beliefs and recognition of principles involved in dealing with those individuals.

(2) We see no objections to any one advocating a change of the American Government either into a communistic republic or into a monarchy so long as he advocates the use of Constitutional means to effect the end desired. If Americans are not intelligent enough to see the fallacy in the arguments put forward to advance such ends, they are not intelligent enough to be intrusted with self-government.

(3) Defense of the doctrines of the Bolsheviki and a defense of the right of an electorate to representation in an American legislative body are two separate and distinctive things. They cannot be put in the same category.

(4) Debs and Berger were punished for direct violations of law. Berkman and Goldman are almost as far removed in theory and practice from Debs as they are from the New York "Times." Debs believes in making the Government everything, Berkman and Goldman in making the Government nothing. At least this was their view when they were expelled from the United States as aliens convicted of crime. We have heard rumors that after an experience with Bolshevism in its own home they have come to see that America is not as bad as they thought.

(5) Alliance with the Socialist party may be *prima facie* evidence of a desire to change our Government. It does not necessarily imply a desire to overthrow our Government. The difference between these two positions must be, as we have said above, clearly and distinctly drawn.

(6) We are bewildered somewhat by the sentiment in this paragraph. Perhaps our correspondent differs from us in the definition of free speech. Free speech to our correspondent apparently means the right to say anything at any time without responsibility for the result. On the contrary, free speech means no such thing. It means the right to express one's views in speech or in writing, but it does not involve freedom from liability for the results which spring from what is said or written. Our correspondent is free to call his next-door neighbor a thief. There is no censor appointed to tell him in advance what he may or may not say. But if his neighbor is not a thief the neighbor can sue him for criminal libel, and if he cannot justify his charge he may go to prison or be



MARY ROSE (MISS RUTH CHATTERTON), HER HUSBAND, AND THEIR "GILLIE" PICNIC TOGETHER UPON "THE ISLAND THAT LIKES TO BE VISITED"

forced to pay a heavy fine. In speech, as in other things, freedom does not mean license.

A SHADOW OVER A PLEASANT LAND

A SHADOW has fallen on a pleasant and familiar land, the land of Barrie's make-believe. Perhaps those who saw "Dear Brutus" two seasons ago might have foretold the coming of this shadow, for there were elements in that play which hinted at darkening skies. At least in retrospect and in the presence of "Mary Rose" these warnings of an approaching change seem visible.

Barrie's new play, "Mary Rose," belongs in a world that never was on land or sea, but, unlike Barrie's other-world dramas of the past, the warmth of sunlight has almost disappeared and left in its place an eerie and tragic dreamland, peopled by fairies without delight and wraiths of souls lost to both the world of men and the world of dreams.

Mary Rose is the daughter of a middle-aged couple whose life is unclouded save by the memory of a strange happening of her childhood. When Mary Rose was a very young girl, they had taken her to a lonely place in the Hebrides, where in the midst of a loch lay a tiny island called in Gaelic "The Island That Likes To Be Visited." Left alone on this island, the little girl disappeared for a month, to be found again after thirty days with no memory of her absence and no trace of whatever

experience she underwent, save a certain remoteness of spirit which touched her only at lengthening intervals.

Her parents have concluded that when it came time for her to marry they must tell her future husband of this strange interlude in an otherwise normal life. Her lover is told the story when he asks for her hand, but the mystery does not deter him from making her his wife.

After their marriage and the birth of her son she journeys with her husband to the Hebrides and brings him to The Island That Likes To Be Visited. They picnic thereon, but when the time comes for them to depart voices heard only by Mary Rose call her away and she disappears.

It is no thirty-day interval which intervenes before she is brought back to her old father and mother and her husband, now a gray-haired captain of the Royal Navy. Thirty years have passed, her son has long since been lost in the vastness of Australia, but to Mary Rose this changed world does not exist. She is still the slender girl-wife who vanished from this mortal earth on the strange Island That Likes To Be Visited.

Much of what happens after her return is left to the reader's imagination. The last scene of the drama, like the first, is played in the deserted and broken mansion which was once her home. In the first scene of the play her son has returned in search of the familiar places of his youth. The play is a vision which he sees in one of the darkened and deserted chambers of his old home. The last scene of the play

returns again to this broken home and finds the son confronted with the ghost of his mother, searching for her lost child. Her troubled wraith finds only a shadow of comfort in his presence and at last disappears in answer to the call of the strange voices from that island which has played so tragic a part in her life on earth.

As in all of Barrie's dramas of lands that never were, he imparts a reality to fantasy which no other modern writer has achieved. His audiences are always ready to believe in fairies, ghosts, or phantom islands at his command. This illusion of reality is not absent from his present play, for Barrie has a truly creative imagination, an imagination which not only has the power of seeing with more than mortal eyes, but also the power of giving this sight to others. Somehow, we hope, however, that the next time Barrie calls his spirits from the vasty deep he will bring them from a land which has less of shadow and more of that sunlight of other years.

The title part of "Mary Rose" is played by Miss Ruth Chatterton. She is supported by an admirable company and she herself is a capable actress. Whisper it not among boarding-schools, but a Barrie play at the Empire must have evoked in many minds a longing for somebody long associated with that playhouse and that playwright. Except on one of Barrie's mystic islands, however, time passes and familiar faces one by one depart. They tell us that Maude Adams will never again be seen behind the familiar proscenium arch of the Empire, that the dauntless spirit of "Peter Pan" is to be for us all henceforth only a triumphant memory. What is to be, is to be, but perhaps Miss Chatterton will forgive us if at times we saw her with the unforgiving eyes of those who witness a strange figure seated in a chair filled with an eternal spirit of the past, and longed for other days.

ON DEAD CENTER

A STEAM-ENGINE when it can neither go ahead nor back is said to be "on dead center." Governments as well as steam-engines occasionally get "on dead center," and our own is no exception to this rule.

In fact, our Federal Constitution as it is now applied makes such a condition at least a quadrennial certainty; and in the last four years we have also learned that the limitations upon the physical strength of Presidents are likely to involve the country in such a state of Governmental stagnation at any moment.

The Constitution provides that the

President, together with the Vice-President, "shall hold office during the term of four years." Owing to the difficulties of travel at the time of the election of Washington, it was not until more than six months after the choosing of the electors by popular vote that he was inaugurated President of the United States. As a matter of fact, he did not assume office until April 30, 1789. As his second inauguration took place on March 4, 1793, his first term did not strictly conform to the Constitutional provision which we have quoted. Every President since his time, however, has had, save in cases of death, the full four years allotted by the Constitution, and therefore we have continued to inaugurate our Presidents nearly four months after they had been designated by popular vote. In practically every instance this period between the popular designation of a new President and his inauguration has been a time in which the Government has rested "on dead center." The disadvantage of this enforced term of idleness has been especially marked in the present year.

Possibly some astute lawyer might be able to work out a plan under which the retiring President could resign in December and his successor be inaugurated on the first of January following his popular designation. But undoubtedly the change could be effected by a Constitutional Amendment which would shorten some specific Presidential term by two months. Such a change would undoubtedly help towards making our Government a more responsible democracy.

There is another clause in the Constitution which requires no amendment to remove the difficulty which it involves. It is the clause which reads: "In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed; or a President shall be elected."

The Congress has definitely provided for successors to the President and Vice-President in cases of removal, death, or resignation, but it has never provided a method for determining what constitutes the inability of a President to discharge the powers and duties of his office.

President Wilson's serious illness during the last year undoubtedly made him unable to perform the duties of his

office. Congress at the present session should see to it that such a contingency does not arise again. Various methods have been suggested for the determination of such inability, among which may be mentioned the plan to have a medical board appointed by the Supreme Court at the instance of the National Legislature. This seems a feasible plan, though perhaps a better one may be discovered. In any case, a provision of similar effect would insure the Government against the danger of one "dead center" from which it has suffered injury in the past.

THE INCOME TAX AND LIBERTY BONDS

AN unpleasant, inconvenient, and in some cases disastrous fact of the present financial situation in this country is the depreciated value of Liberty Bonds. At this writing every issue of these bonds save the two Victory Loans is below ninety.

This means that every man who has a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond and is compelled to get cash for it will lose all the way from ten to fifteen dollars when he sells it, except in the case of the Victory Bonds. The Victories, since they are payable within a year, or two, are nearer par. A corporation which has a hundred thousand dollars' worth of any of the first four issues and has to sell them to get cash for its business or to pay its taxes may lose from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. The small holders who can put their bonds in safe-keeping and retain them until the day when they are payable by the Government will lose nothing. But there are comparatively few people who can do that.

Various plans have been suggested to remedy this situation—a situation which is unsound and unjust. Most of these proposals are based on a plan of refunding all Liberty Loans at a higher rate of interest. A New York financier has recently advocated that the entire issue of Liberty Bonds be refunded—that is to say, redeemed by a new issue of Government bonds to run for fifty years and to pay 5½ per cent for the first five years, 5 per cent for the second five years, 4½ per cent for the third five years, and for the remaining thirty-five years 4 per cent. He believes that such bonds will sell at par or over. This of course means that the Government would have to raise by taxation a much larger sum for interest than it is now paying on the present Liberty Bonds. The result would make it more difficult to reduce the war increases of the income tax. Thus the problem is how to

ring Liberty Bonds to par in an open market without increasing taxation. I venture to suggest the following outline of a plan to be considered in solving this problem.

Let the Government announce that all Liberty Bonds will be received at their ar value in payment of the income taxes.

The first objection to this plan is that the Government needs the proceeds of income taxes in current money to pay its obligations; that Liberty Bonds are not current; and that the Government would have to sell these bonds in the open market for cash, which would at once depreciate their value and we should be in the same state as before.

My reply to this objection is that the Government might borrow currency from the Federal Reserve Bank to the full par value of the bonds. If this could be done, the advantage to the Government would be that it would substitute its non-interest-bearing notes for

its interest-bearing notes, a transaction which every business man would like to perform if he could.

There appear to be two objections to this substitution of Federal Reserve notes for the bonds which the Government will receive in payment of income taxes.

First, there is no provision in our present financial laws for such a substitute. This objection could be met by proper legislation in Congress. If desirable, Congress in twenty-four hours could pass an act permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to receive Liberty Bonds at their par value for income taxes and issue in their place non-interest-bearing currency.

The second objection is more vital. It might lead to an inflation of the currency, and many students of finance feel that we are now suffering from currency inflation. To this objection I have no reply to make, except that possible inflation might be mitigated by

receiving Liberty Bonds at par for only a specified portion of the income tax, such as the surtax or excess profits tax. It may possibly be a choice of evils which the financial experts of the country will have to consider and decide upon.

I briefly restate the problem. A vast amount of money, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, is tied up in Liberty Bonds which are now below par. To use these bonds in industry or taxpaying the business men of the country must lose from ten to fifteen per cent. Shall this unjust and unhealthy condition be remedied by increasing the rate of interest on the bonds, thus necessarily increasing taxation, or by the Government's receiving a large portion of them at par from year to year before they fall due for income taxes and issuing in their place non-interest-bearing currency by means of appropriate legislation?

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE MESSAGE OF THE WISE MEN

AMOTHER reads "Pilgrim's Progress" to her child. To him it is an interesting narrative of marvellous adventure. To her it carries a profounder meaning of spiritual experience. Much of life possesses thus a double meaning. It is a pantomime, often a tragic pantomime, the meaning of which we are left to discover for ourselves. The Creation stories and the Christmas stories are thus parables; their deeper meanings scholarship, absorbed in critical and historical study, has often missed. The object of this article is to point out the spiritual meaning in the Gospel story of the Wise Men.

In the East the pagan theologians were the counselors of kings and often directed their policies. The people believed in a great variety of gods—good, bad, and indifferent; but the theologians in one God, of whom the popular deities were manifestations or representatives. All these Wise Men pretended to seek—some really did seek—to ascertain the will of their God. They differed from the Hebrew prophets in one important respect; the Hebrew prophets sought for the voice of God in their souls; "the word of God came to me" was their common formula. The Magi, or Wise Men, sought for indications of the divine will in various material phenomena; those of Persia in the stars. This belief that the stars have for man a divine message prevailed even in Christendom until the science of astronomy destroyed it.

In the first century of the Christian era there was a widespread expectation throughout the Eastern world that a Deliverer from the woes under which mankind was groaning would ere long appear. Confucius in China had prophesied such a Deliverer, and it is said that a deputation of his followers going forth in search of him were the means of introducing Buddhism into China. Zoroaster in Persia had foretold to his followers the coming of such a world-Saviour. It would be quite natural for the Wise Men of his land to look for the fulfillment of his prophecy and to inquire of the stars when and where the promised Deliverer would be found. I wonder what they thought when they found a babe born of peasant parents, unheralded and unwelcomed in his native land. The narrator of the story does not tell us. He only tells us that they offered to the uncrowned and unentitled prince the gifts they had brought with them and then departed into their own country.

What was their message to their countrymen we do not know. What has been their message to the world ever since, what it is to us, seems to me clear.

They knew nothing of those truths the knowledge of which has to the Church often seemed essential. They knew nothing about the nature of Jesus, nothing about his spiritual mission, nothing about the Church or the sacraments or the creeds that were to be, nothing about the Old Testament, nothing about Jehovah or the Fall of Man.

Law and the prophets, or the Temple and the priesthood. They were simply seeking after God and the Deliverer whom they had a vague hope the unknown God would send into the world. Their faith was not a knowledge; it was only a hope. But, inspired by that hope, they had the courage to undertake a long, wearisome, and perhaps perilous journey of four or five months' duration. Their adventurous faith has been the theme of song and story ever since; and for nineteen centuries they have been known as the Three Wise Men, though they had no knowledge of the simplest elements of Christian theology.

Why Wise Men?

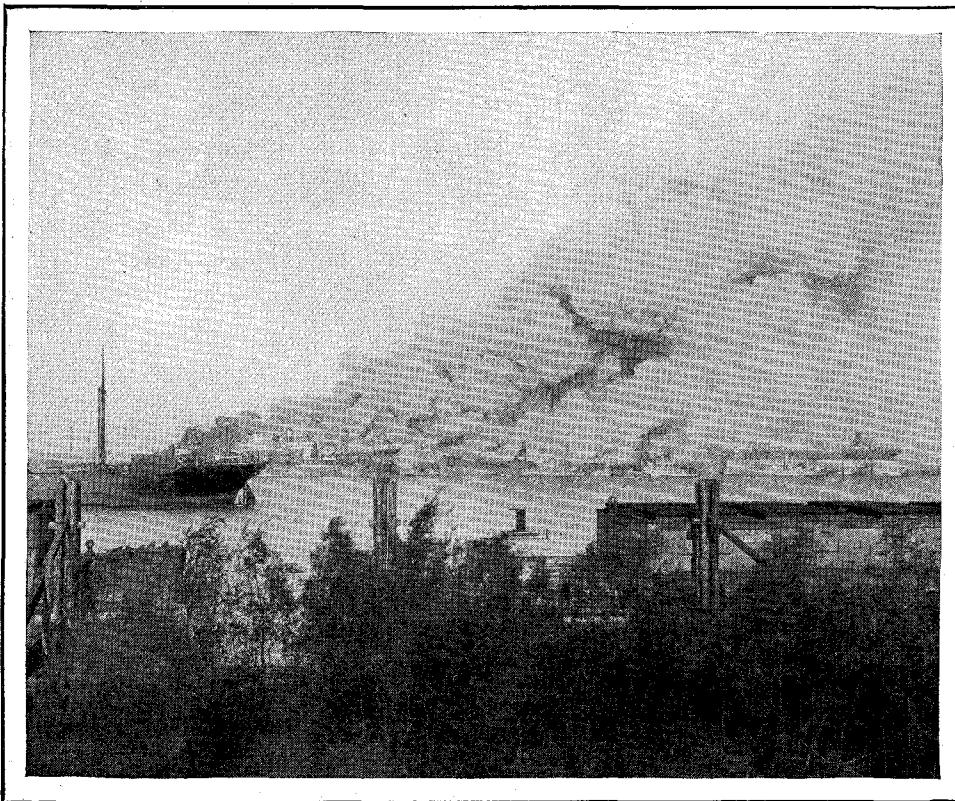
They were Wise Men because they were seekers after God, because they believed that to find Him was to find "the life that really is," the life eternal. And the story of their adventure illustrates the saying of Christ that every one that seeketh findeth, and the saying of Paul that God gives eternal life to all those who by steadfastness in well-doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption. For nineteen centuries the various churches have been preaching various conditions of salvation. Some have said, you must accept the Church; and some, its sacraments; and some, its creeds; and some, its Bible; and every Christmas or Epiphany they have all agreed to celebrate the adventure of the Three Wise Men who found their way to the Deliverer without Church or sacrament or creed or Bible, simply because they possessed sincerity of desire and steadfastness in pursuit.

THE KNOLL PAPERS

Springfield, Missouri

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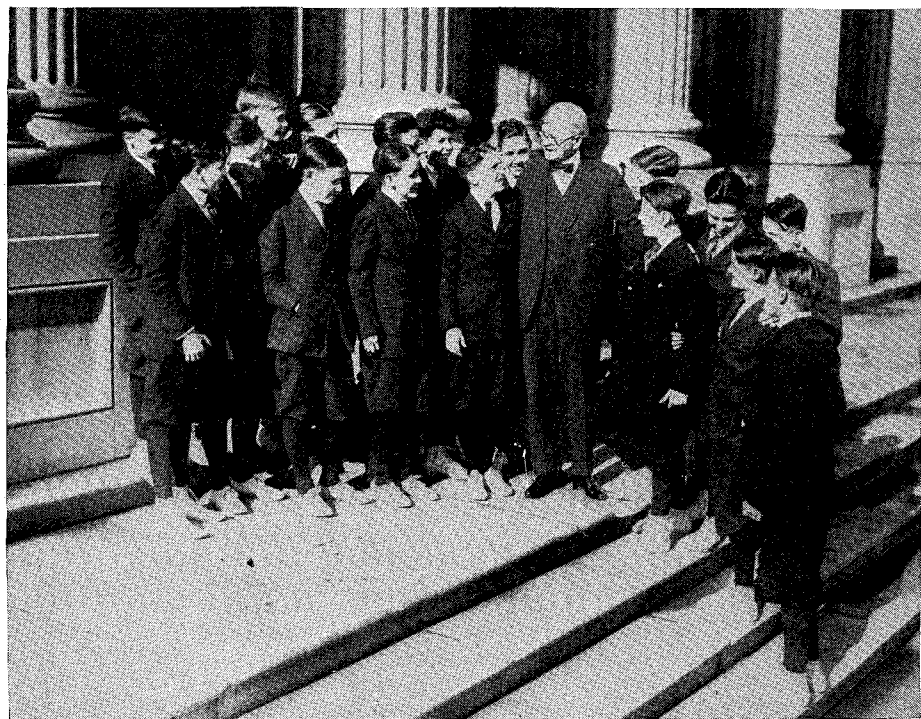
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



W. A. Nightingale, New Orleans, La.

A FIRE THAT THREATENED NEW ORLEANS SHIPPING

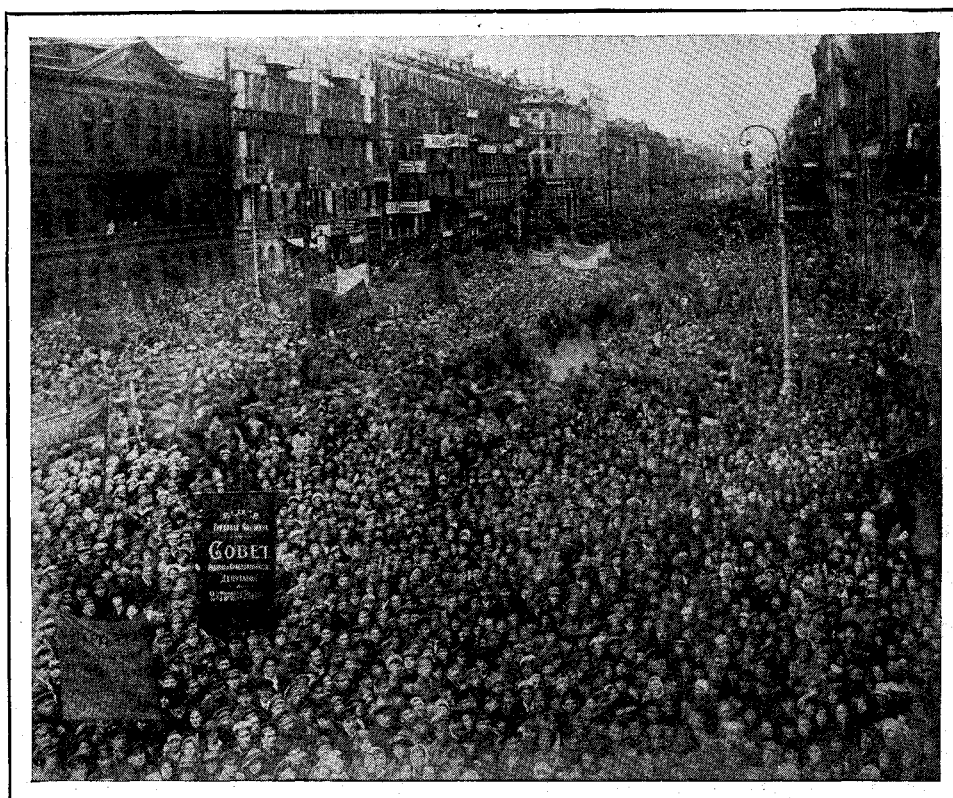
A great shipbuilding plant on the shores of the Mississippi River was partly destroyed by this fire, with a loss of \$2,000,000, and many ships with valuable cargoes were endangered



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL INVITING SENATE PAGES TO A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Mr. Marshall this year gave a final Christmas dinner in the Senate restaurant to "his boys," following his custom since he became Vice-President. The picture shows the group arranging the affair on the steps of the Capitol at Washington

International



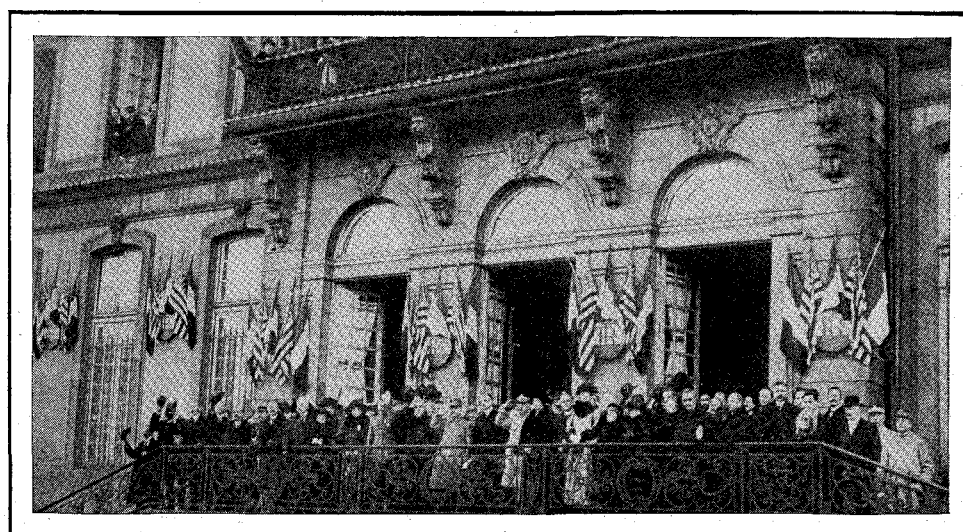
THE STREETS OF
MOSCOW DURING A
SOVIET
DEMONSTRATION

This is a photograph of a
great rally in support of
the Red troops as they left
to fight the Poles

International

MILWAUKEE
PRESENTS A
MEMORIAL TO
STRASBOURG

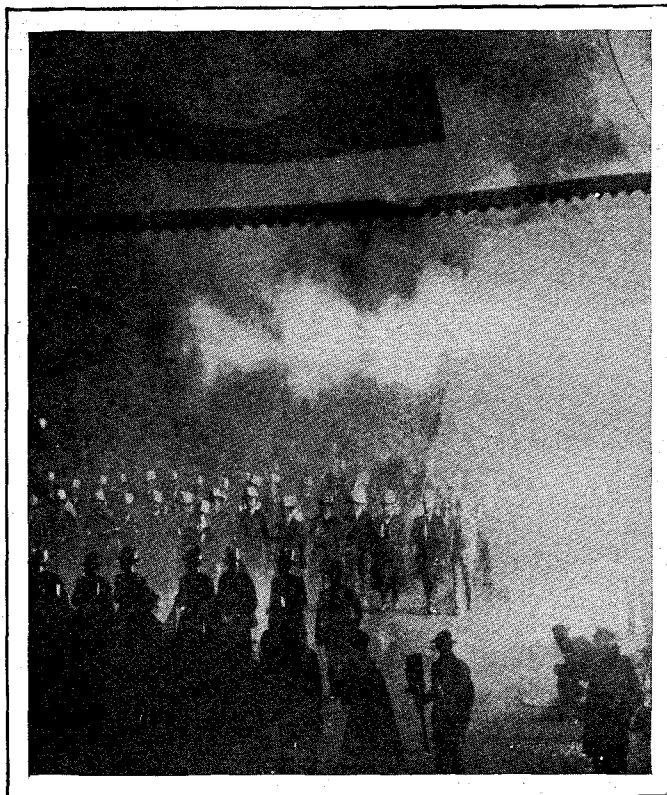
There was a time in the
early days of the war when
a reference to "the Amer-
ican consul at Milwaukee"
was a "sure fire" joke on
the vaudeville circuits. There
may have been a grain of
truth behind this bit of fun
but it certainly was not the
whole truth. The real atti-
tude of Milwaukee is more
nearly represented by this
picture of a Milwaukee dele-
gation which presented a
memorial to Strasbourg.
With prominent French offi-
cials, they are seen on the
balcony of the Strasbourg
City Hall watching a parade
of Alsatian societies



(C) Keystone

THE UNITED STATES IN AN ELECTION YEAR

BY SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D.



(C) Underwood

"WE ONLY SAW ONE POLITICAL PARADE, AND THAT WAS IN FAVOR OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. CERTAINLY IT WAS AT NIGHT, AND THERE WERE TORCHES THAT REDDENED FACES, BUT THE FACES WERE CERTAINLY NOT DRUNK WITH DREAMS OR, IN THIS YEAR OF OUR LORD, WITH ANYTHING ELSE"

IT is now a great deal more difficult to get into the United States than it is to get into England—and it is also a great deal more expensive. The American Consul-General in London demands, and gets, £2 16s. 8d. for marking your passport with an india-rubber stamp inscribed with the word "Seen." The English Consul-General in New York is content to visé the said document for the modest charge of fifty cents.

Then there is also a little matter of £2 10s. which the visitor to America must pay as head tax. This may or may not be refunded, providing the visitor does not remain more than two months.

Thirty-three years ago, when I acquired the transatlantic habit, these restrictions did not exist. Since 1887 I have visited the States more times than I care to remember, but, although I have been in that country at all seasons of the year, until this autumn I had never witnessed a Presidential election.

I had expected that the election of a President would be a somewhat exciting experience. I had anticipated something of the sort of thing Mr. J. C. Squire has so admirably put into verse:

A night there was, a crowd, a narrow street,
Torches that reddened faces drunk with dreams;
An orator exultant in defeat;
Banners, fierce songs, rough cheering, women's screams!

But there was nothing of the sort. We only saw one political parade, and that was in favor of the Republican party. Certainly it was at night, and there were a crowd, a narrow street, torches that reddened faces, but the faces were certainly not drunk with dreams or, in this year of our Lord, with anything else. There were banners and songs and cheering, but one didn't hear any women's screams, though the voices of some of them were shrill.

Nobody seemed to know very much about the candidates. We had heard in England that both came from Ohio, that both owned newspapers, and that both were married. If these were among the qualifications for the White House, it seems to us, so far away, that Mr. Cox's claims were slightly superior to those of Mr. Harding, for we had heard that the former owned two

newspapers and had been twice married; but in truth we know little about the whole matter. Our ignorance was recorded by a popular but baffled poet in the following verses:

I wish I knew some facts regarding
The private life of Mr. Harding;
I wish that I had simply stocks
Of anecdotes of Mr. Cox. . . .

In England, where they do not dwell,
No one appears to know them well.

On landing in New York, it is true, we met with some signs of political activity. On the dock stood a number of ladies carrying large cardboard placards, but when we got near enough to read them we found they bore nothing more germane to the election than "Anglo-American Friendship—Bah!" and "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors." It wasn't quite clear what it all meant, but the ladies seemed very good-natured about it, and turned hither and thither so that we should have no difficulty in reading their placards. They seemed a more friendly race than those that used to pervade Westminster before the war, clamoring for women's suffrage.

One had expected to find, as one would have found in Great Britain, buildings in the towns, palings in the country, plastered with placards and portraits of the contending candidates, but, except an occasional photograph in a shop window, we had no opportunity of really learning what they looked like, and I have come away from the United States with the vague impression that both are handsome and fine-looking men of what we sometimes call the American type, but I am quite sure that if one of them came on board the ship I am writing on I should never recognize him. On the other hand, the country districts were sometimes decorated with the portraits of the candidates for some of the minor posts, but these were on a small scale and almost negligible.

It struck a Britisher as odd that neither party seemed to have any colors. No flower of a blameless life attached to either side. The red and white rose of the Lancaster and Yorks are unknown in the United States, and the small party badge, worn in the buttonhole and no bigger than a five-cent piece, attracts little attention.

Then again there was little attempt to sum up the parties' position in the single phrase. No such saying as "Peace with honor" seemed to dominate political situations, and, though there may have been political songs, I never happened to hear any. Music-hall songs, such as "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do!" which used to

rouse to frenzy the aggressive party in British politics, seemed to be entirely absent. Both sides apparently contented themselves with a ceaseless repetition of the National anthems.

About the middle of October I had occasion to zigzag down the country from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. Railway cars, especially the smoking-room end of the railway cars, usually gave one a fairly accurate insight into the people's mind at the moment. My fellow-travelers discussed all sorts of things. As we approached the South we dwelt chiefly on oil and cotton, but, with one exception, the election was never discussed. One day, near Dallas, in Texas, a young merchant said to me: "Last night I sat next to a lady in the theater, and I said to her, 'Do you think Governor Cox will be our next President?' She answered, 'What?' I repeated, 'Do you think Governor Cox will be our next President?' She said she didn't get me. Then I yelled in her ear for the third time, 'Do you think Governor Cox will be our next President?' adding, 'Are you hard of hearing?' 'Oh, no,' she softly answered; 'I have heard of Harding.'"

Now which way, I wonder, did that lady vote, for a very great number of women evidently voted. They seemed to enjoy the new experience, though, I think, on the whole, they were a little disillusioned.

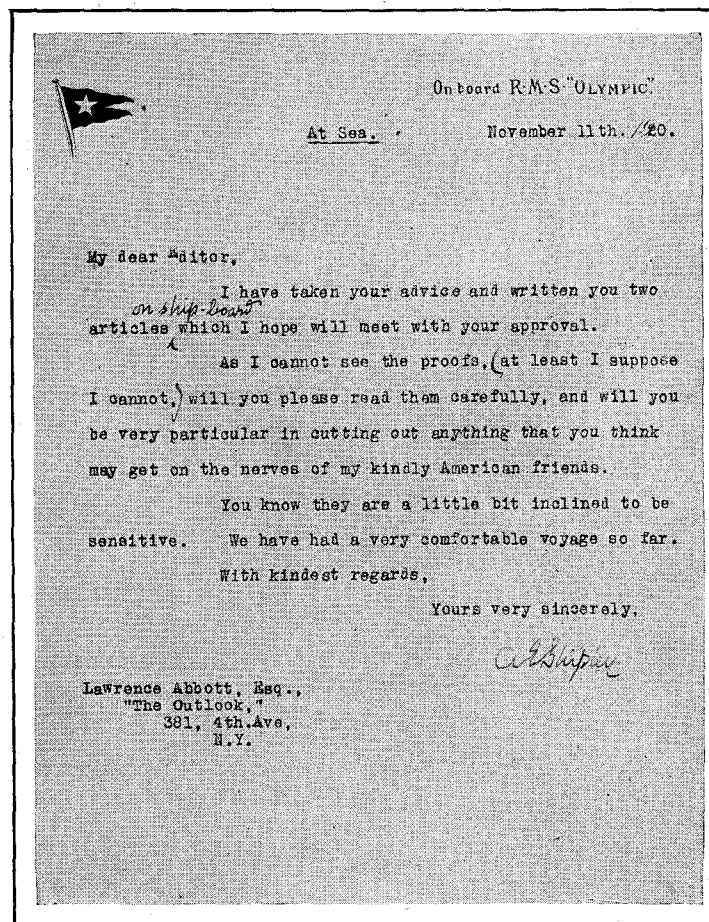
When I was tutor at my college in Cambridge, for many years I occupied rooms rent free; thus I did not fall under the lodger's franchise, and had no vote; consequently I keenly wanted one. As soon, however, as I paid rent for my chambers, and got the vote, I found how useless it was. I think the ladies to some extent will find the same. Before they had the vote—at any rate, in my country—before they were enfranchised, they seemed to think they could give their vote to the just and the honorable, the high-minded man. They are now finding out that they can only give it to Mr. X, whose politics they detest, or to Mr. Y, whose past they deplore. Voters have to vote for the man the machine sends along, and the machine is always mightier than the man. In such enormous constituencies as those of the United States there can of course be little personal canvassing except possibly by the members of Congress, who appeal to a much more limited franchise. The seekers after the higher posts depend almost entirely upon speeches and the newspaper platform. How much of what they promise they will succeed in doing is always a doubtful matter, but, as the colored gentleman that rebuked the Senator for standing on the platform at the end of the railway car, between stations, said, "A platform ain't meant to stand on; a platform's meant to get in on."

Perhaps the fact that the election was to so great an extent a foregone conclusion, that a deep ground-swell per-

ceptible for months to the political prophet was setting in favor of the Republican party, made the election, on the whole, a dull affair. But for the newspapers, we alien travelers might have passed through it like the Parisian gentleman who passed through the French Revolution without knowing it was going on.

Looking through the list of the American Presidents, with but one or two exceptions, and the exceptions are very properly Dutch, their names are all British and for the most part English. That is perhaps as it should be. The three great charters of liberty given to the world—the Magna Charta of King John's time, the Compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower in James I's

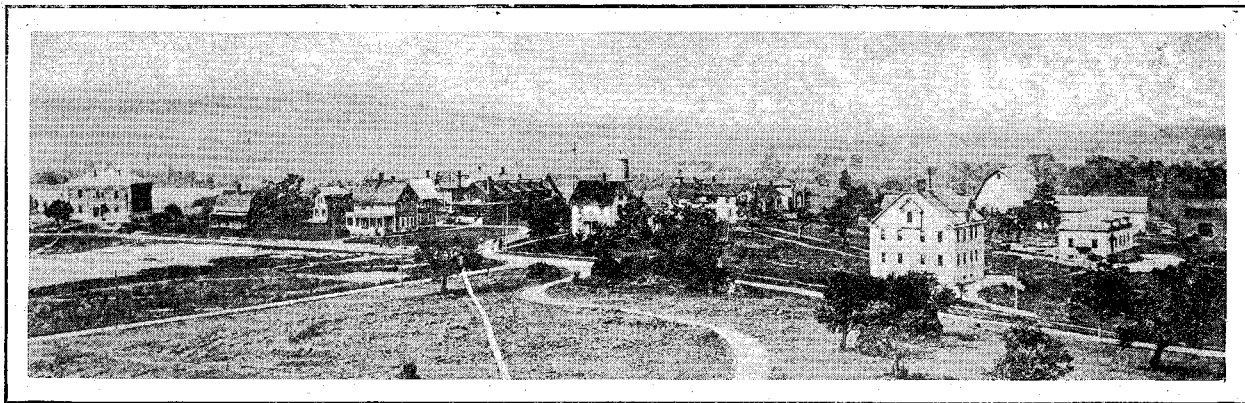
time, and the Declaration of Independence of George III's time—were all drawn up and signed by Englishmen. At what exact moment Washington, Jefferson, and the others ceased to be Englishmen and became Americans can hardly be determined, but no one can deny that the greater part of the life they passed through was passed through as Englishmen. How long this state of things will continue is, for those who desire it to continue, a matter of some anxiety. At present the British strain tends to become swamped by an overflowing immigration from central and eastern Europe. The percentage of British descent was diminished and is diminishing, and many who have the welfare of the United States at heart wish that it should be increased.



Sir Arthur's letter was not intended for publication. We take the liberty of printing it, however, that our readers may know of Sir Arthur's solicitude for the feelings of his friends. We wish to assure them, moreover, as well as Sir Arthur himself, that nothing has been cut out, and that the most sensitive of Americans can find no just cause for offense in anything he has written, but only benefit and enjoyment from both this article and the one that will succeed it next week.—THE EDITORS

SOCIAL SANITARIUMS AND SOCIAL DOCTORS

BY WILLIAM R. GEORGE



GENERAL VIEW OF ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC. IN PLACE OF PRISONS MR. GEORGE WOULD ESTABLISH COMMUNITIES NOT UNLIKE THIS, WHERE OFFENDERS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SOCIAL DOCTORS, WOULD UNDERGO TREATMENT MORE EFFICACIOUS AND, MAY BE, "EVEN MORE HEROIC THAN PUNISHMENT"

IN the year 1895 the writer put the Junior Republic into operation.

The Junior Republic is a village composed of youths who are given self-government to an extent never tried out with young people previous to its founding.

The plan worked, and, what is more, it met with public approval.

Contemplating the successes of the Junior Republic with some of its young citizens who had been lawless before entering the little colony and were made useful men by having the responsibilities of self-government thrust upon them, the writer reasoned that the idea of self-government might be carried to the prisons with great success, and about 1899 he worked out the theoretical idea of the "social sanitarium" as a substitute for prisons and reformatories. Doubts are freely expressed whether the much maligned officially labeled "dependent and delinquent" brother is the only member of human kind subject to social irregularities. All society ranges in social irregularities from being "a little odd or queer" to being the committers of such extreme crimes as murder. This fact being recognized, why should there not be social doctors of professional standing for the treatment of social ills with as much reason as there are medical doctors for the physical ills of society?

A five-year, "try-out" has now been made in every manner that conditions allowed, and during that time publicity has been avoided, although every experiment has been carried on in the open. Peculiar conditions due to the war acted in some instances as a handicap, in others as a direct benefit; but the test of the theory has been so satisfactory that the writer now takes pleasure in presenting it to the thoughtful public for their consideration.

Harsh criticism is expected, for the quaint saying of an old farmer

that a lot of folks are always "down on" what they are not "up on" is recognized, and it remains to put this idea in such a way that those who will may at least get "up on" the main points of the theory.

SOMETHING OUT OF KILTER

Human society is afflicted with two sorts of ills: the physical and the social.

The physical body contains various organs—all important, some more so than others. Physical ills indicate that something is wrong with one or more of the physical organs.

The social body, if such a term be allowable, contains certain forces—all necessary, but some more vital than others. Social illness indicates that something is out of kilter with one or more of these social forces.

PHYSICAL ORGANS AND MEDICAL DOCTORS

There are four vital organs in the human body that may properly be termed the major organs. They are the

Heart	Stomach
Lungs	Kidneys

Almighty God through the agency of nature places the direct responsibility upon the heart to pump the blood, the lungs to care for respiration, the stomach to digest the food, and the kidneys to eliminate waste. If any of these organs are remiss in their duties, illness follows. When illness appears to be dangerous, a physician is usually summoned, amateurish treatment not being relied upon. He listens to our heart-beat, takes a count of the pulse, places a fever thermometer between our lips, marks our respiration, asks pointed questions about our diet. The medical doctor, by virtue of college degree and State license to practice medicine, is a free agent to do as he will in a professional capacity within certain laws. No body of worthy people known as "trustees" can "boss"

him in the discharge of his medical duties. They cannot say: "Our organization employs you; we, its influential, rich, or philanthropic managers, have a duty to direct you, and, besides, we know stomach trouble as well as you because we have all had colic." Therefore, when a medical doctor takes up a case, his professional skill has complete right of way. Riches, influence, and social position must take a siding for the time being. The only duty he owes is to his honorable profession.

SOCIAL FORCES AND SOCIAL DOCTORS

It is the purpose to establish an analogy as complete as the facts will warrant between the physical and social organisms of society and the treatment of the ills to which both have fallen heir. The resemblance between the two is striking, and the analogy serves to make clear the reason for a "social doctor" if there be social ills.

Therefore the four major forces of the "social body" should now be enumerated. They are:

Self-government	Recreation
Self-support	Service

No individual, community, or government can claim a social life worth the having without the possession of each one of these four forces with each force rising to its attendant responsibility. These four forces are as important to the existence of the social body as the heart, lungs, stomach, and kidneys are to the physical anatomy. They *must* function in some degree even though the results are not up to normal, just as the heart and other physical organs mentioned must function even though it be but indifferently. Stopping means death.

If any one of these social forces is sluggish or dormant, or, perchance, going to the other extreme, in a state of feverish or abnormal acceleration, there is certain to be extreme and

serious social illness, and a social doctor is needed immediately to make a searching professional examination with the same keen discrimination as that of the medical doctor in making his diagnosis.

And when he finds the weak or socially diseased point he should not stop with his diagnosis, but go into the game head over heels to perform a cure.

Every human being is sometimes socially ill; it may be only in a mild form, but, whether it be a slight or serious manifestation, it can always be traced to irregularity of the functioning of some one of these four forces.

Every one knows, if he stops to reason out the matter, that not more than five per cent of those who commit indictable offenses finally land in prison. The ninety-five per cent of equally guilty fellows who by some "hocus pocus" manage to wriggle out of the toils of the law still remain at large, and sometimes they are rated respectable. "How benighted!" we comment when we read in ancient history of a nation who regarded it a question of crime only when the offender was found out; and yet unconsciously we are prone to do the same thing, unless we are very good. In any event, all society regards the man who has been officially stamped by a legalized judge and jury with the label of delinquency as a person of quite another sort of clay from that of the rest of the people, and treats him accordingly; and the poor devil spends the remainder of his days half believing the thing himself. Yet not more than one out of twenty equally guilty suffers official and public humiliation.

PUNISHMENT VS. TREATMENT

Society decrees by law that crime shall be punished. A few hundred years ago they decreed the same thing about some forms of physical disease. Right here comes the parting of the ways between the legal decree of society and the principle of treating offenders on the basis of their being socially diseased.

Punishment *versus* treatment—which shall it be?

If the idea of social disease is a fallacy, and crimes against property or person are instigated by vicious but withal responsible brigands, then punishment and plenty of it should be meted out.

If, on the other hand, social disease is a fact, as many students of the subject have come to believe, it is as absurd to punish a man for a social lapse as it would be to punish him for having the measles.

This theory of treatment for crime may appear maudlin at first thought, but such is not the case. It does not express itself thus, "Naughty, naughty! Don't do that any more." Treatment may be even more heroic than punishment. For example, the dentist pulls an aching tooth. The operation is painful, but you hold no ill will against the dentist—in fact, after the tooth is out,



CRAP SHOOTING ON A CITY STREET

"Realizing that they are not expected to participate in any self-government responsibilities, the naturally good youths lapse into indifference, while the naturally wild ones regard the law, the judge, and the policeman as their natural enemies. A tacit freemasonry exists between all youths. 'I must not snitch,' is a universal watchword among them"

you regard him with unusual favor and besides pay him a fee. But if a man to punish you knocks your teeth down your throat with his clenched fist, the actual physical pain may not be as great as that inflicted by the dentist, but your psychological observation of the two operations varies materially.

No doubt the strongest advocates of punishment, if they lived in a democracy, would be loud in their praise of the forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service. If caught off their guard, they would concede the merits due them; but if confronted with these forces as an antidote for crime, would sidestep with alacrity, for the methods of dealing with offenders at this date are based upon the very opposite theory.

If we grant that these forces must all be functioning in a person to insure social life, how terribly wrong the present prison system must be! It deliberately says to a man: "You have governed and supported yourself so badly that the State is going to take self-government and self-support from you; your form of recreation has probably been one of the causes for your being in your present difficulty, therefore you will have but little hereabouts; and as for service, well, that can be in the form of doing three years of hard labor for the State, and at the end of your time you may leave this institution whether you are cured or not." What is the result? For answer follow the subsequent career of those who have been victims of the system.

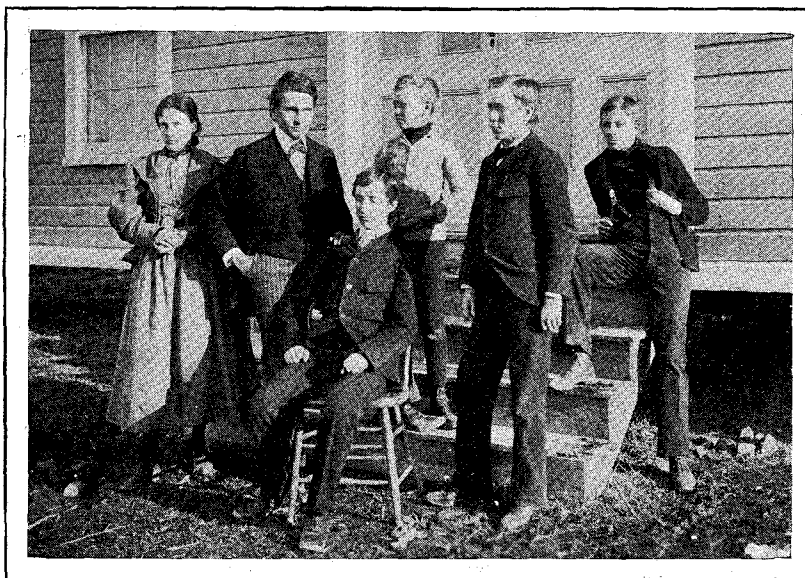
A method for the regulation of some delinquents before resorting to imprisonment is probation. This is a long step forward on the part of society. The probation officers—God bless them!—are social doctors to a very great

extent, for the latitude offered them by officialdom permits them to treat social ills on the basis of the theories outlined in this article.

But all offenders, with the exception of murderers in the first degree and the feeble-minded who need special treatment from the psychiatrist, should be placed in a social sanitarium and therein remain until they are discharged therefrom by a delegated group of social doctors. Society should be protected from the fellow who is so socially ill that he cannot keep his hands off other people's property or persons—not for a stated time in months or years, as is the case with the present prison method, but until he is cured. A person with social disease so acute that his neighbors suffer therefrom has no more business to be at large than a person suffering from smallpox.

A complete description of the social sanitarium and its methods would take too great space at this time; but, to outline it very briefly, it is a series of five successive guarded inclosures, each inclosure comprising several hundred acres of land, each one of these inclosures constituting a complete self-governing community, and each of these communities excepting the last being identical in every detail with the other communities of the State in which the social sanitarium is located. A drive through these communities would disclose nothing different in the architecture of the buildings or the character of the work performed or the dress of the social patients or other residents than would be seen by driving through any other part of the country miles away from the sanitarium.

Upon conviction by a court, instead of going to prison as a convict, the offender enters the first inclosure of the



OFFICIALS OF THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO

The girl at the left became a domestic science teacher and then married a physician. The boy next to her graduated from Ada College, Ohio, was a candidate for Congress, and is now a lawyer. The boy in the chair was coxswain of the crew and Phi Beta man at Cornell, graduated from the Harvard Law School, and is a lawyer. The boy at the extreme right graduated from Harvard and is editor of one of the leading dailies of New York State

social sanitarium. There is no loss of citizenship. And why should there be when we remember that the nineteen equally guilty who are not caught do not lose theirs? He is still a man. His family may reside with him if they desire; and they (the family) may depart therefrom whenever they wish, but of course he may not. Everything that tends to uplift and restore him to the normal is in operation. He has full opportunity to exercise the forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service.

When laws are violated in the first inclosure, the courts of that community, conducted by the social patients themselves, send the offenders to the second inclosure, where they remain until readmitted to the first again by the citizens of the first inclosure. General conditions in the second inclosure and those succeeding are the same as in the first; and in the first inclosure conditions, as already stated, are the same as in the world at large, but with each successive inclosure approaching the fifth the "patient" is removed farther from discharge to the outside world, for there is no way of returning except by the way he entered. In the fifth inclosure are those who are so hopelessly deficient that there is little hope of any permanent improvement, and these hopeless beings remain under the care of social doctors for the balance of their days, and are made as happy and comfortable as the circumstances of their cases will warrant.

Women, while advocating their right to the suffrage would say with irony that every one seemed to have the right to self-government but women, convicts, children, and the insane.

Happily, the masculine element of mankind are quite generally seeing the advantage of giving women a greater part in the government of our country.

The same thing should be done for the sometimes called "criminal" under the geographical restriction of the Social Sanitarium.

INFANTS! EXCEPT IN WAR

With self-government proved a benefit to women and convicts, there still remains the question of its applicability to children. Consideration of the insane in this connection is of course out of the question; but in the matter of the children—or so-called children—we have a vital National issue. With all the wisdom of our forefathers in the matter of establishing constitutions, laws, and precedents, there never was a greater "fool thing" than that which designated a youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one an *infant*. The same statement might be applicable to most youths from sixteen to twenty-one, but certainly at eighteen the normal boy or girl is as fit for the essential duties of citizenship as the average man. Their mixing qualities, democratic instincts, open-mindedness, and all the advantages coming from present or recent touch with the great American public school and college systems especially qualify them for civic duties. Many men and women are apt to grow narrower in their political and social life as they advance in years, and they sometimes complain with a tinge of joy that their children keep them from retrograding completely. Of course our children "do not know as much as we do," but we have a "hunch" that some of our neighbors' young people know more than their nearest ancestors.

Society might ease its conscience for all time from its perpetration of injustice upon "adult minors" in classifying them as infants were it not that grim-visaged war every now and then comes stalking our way and throws the gaunt-

let at our feet. Then these "infants" in our National extremity rush to our aid, and lo! to our joy, we find that no fitter *men* ever existed to do or die to save the Nation. Does the United States Government expect less of a soldier of eighteen years than of one of thirty-five? In time of war they are men. When peace is declared, they are relegated to infancy.

The absurdity of legal infancy, after considering the facts, is enough to drive any self-respecting group to rebellion. Thank goodness, they don't see it in that light, for there are enough of them to keep the War Department busy if they should "start something."

The worst feature of this injustice to youth, however, is its reaction upon society. Realizing that they are not expected to participate in any self-government responsibilities, the naturally good youths lapse into indifference concerning civic affairs in general, while the naturally wild and vicious ones, who would accept responsibilities if they had them, commit disorderly acts because their relation to society's laws—not *their laws*—causes them to regard the law, the judge, and the policeman as their natural enemies. Good youths, although not participating in the depredations of the so-called bad ones, have a sort of fellow-feeling for the offender. A tacit freemasonry exists between all youth; "I must not snitch," is a universal watchword among them until the magic moment when in the twinkling of an eye they are transformed from official infancy to official manhood, with all its vested responsibilities. It is about that time that some young dare-devil who had previously occupied a favorite corner of the heart ceases to be a hero and is henceforth regarded as an outlaw. Civic responsibility has caused the change of mind.

At this point we make the direct charge that a large portion of juvenile delinquency is due to the fact that through lack of any responsibility being placed upon youths in the way of self-government they became indifferent to law enforcement, or, worse still, some become lawbreakers.

A JUNIOR MUNICIPALITY IN EVERY COMMUNITY

If in time of war youths are given full responsibilities of manhood, why not give them at least some responsibilities in time of peace? Is it not conceivable that they would respond? Believe me, they would, in a manner that would make some wise fossils open their eyes in amazement. I veritably believe that if adult minors of military age were given the direct responsibilities of handling the problem of delinquents below the age of twenty-one years, a marvelous change for the better would appear before much time had elapsed.

The successful try-out of this theory in its complete form in the Junior Republic at Freeville goes far to show the plan to be feasible. There will be no

attempt to give a history of the Junior Republic and its methods, for they are generally well known. It was founded on the basis that the four social forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service should be placed squarely up to youths of a decent age, and the belief that they would rise to the attendant responsibilities as well as adults. It was tried, and this first complete expression of a government of the youth, for the youth, and by the youth was successful. The Junior Republic is a village exactly the same as any other village in the land except for the fact that the citizens of the Junior Republic village reach their voting age at sixteen years and are given full responsibilities of citizenship at that time.

The idea of a Junior Municipality is another experiment in social doctoring that has worked successfully. The Junior Municipality is composed of all youths in a community between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years. When one of these organizations is in operation, they have political parties and elect a Junior officer for every position occupied by a corresponding senior officer in the city government. The appointive positions are also filled by young citizens who are given such positions by the Junior Mayor. The duty of all Junior officers is to aid the senior officers in the discharge of their duties in every manner consistent with conditions.

Perhaps it may appear that the somewhat extended discussion of the "criminal" problem and the injustice to "adult minors" is a departure from the subject; but, in fact, it is very much to the point, for the social doctor understands that, whether it is the case of an individual or of a group, social life is maintained only through the functioning of the four forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service. Therefore when he is called to diagnose the case of the youth of our country and the officially classified delinquents he discovers that the professionals who have had these cases in



INAUGURATION OF JUNIOR REPUBLIC PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT
NINE YEARS AGO

The young man at the extreme left, the retiring president, gave his life for his country as lieutenant in the air service. Between the fellow taking the oath as president and the young woman waiting to be sworn in as vice-president is the judge of the Junior Republic, who also gave his life for his country. After graduating from the Albany Law School and being admitted to the bar he enlisted in the 27th Division, was commissioned as lieutenant, and was killed in action

charge have had no regard for some of these forces—particularly those of self-government and to a limited extent self-support—and have been trying without success to cure the social maladies by punishment, or the use of the method adopted by the Irishman who tried to cure a sore on the tail of his dog by cutting that appendage off close behind the ears.

It will be a long step in the right direction when there is a universal belief that self-government should be given an opportunity for self-expression in every individual and community, and that if it does not work just right it needs *treatment* not extermination.

Self-support should be compelled except in the case of the physically unfit and children. The idle rich and the lazy poor especially, need the stimulus of the goad of necessity.

These two forces are emphasized in this article, for there seems to be more of a tendency to neglect or qualify these than is the case with recreation and service. Hence very little is said

about these last two named major forces in this article.

EVERYBODY NEEDS THE SOCIAL DOCTOR

Let it be distinctly understood that the ideas herein recorded are not to be construed as "interloping" in the field of the church.

While all the members of society are victims of social ills, it remains for the officially labeled dependent and delinquent to come in for special organized attention as if they were the only humans afflicted with social disorders. Conferences, State and National, are held to discuss methods for their treatment, and philanthropic organizations are established, bountifully trusteeed, who employ experts to do a work akin to what we suggest for a social doctor.

What is the quarrel? None whatever, except we would that the rest of mankind, who need social treatment quite as much as those bearing an official label to that effect, could be treated by a professional social doctor without first applying for charity or being convicted of a crime. Furthermore, we all need him for some minor social troubles just as much as we need the medical doctor for minor but annoying physical ailments.

So we propose the social doctor duly licensed by the State, who can hang out his shingle and do business in the way of curing or ameliorating social ills in the same dignified and effective way that his medical brother treats the physical ills.

Above all, he should not be "bossed" by a board of trustees any more than a medical doctor, a lawyer, a Burbank, or an Edison. Not that boards of trustees are always out of order, for often they are absolutely essential, but in this comparatively new field of social work there are sometimes cases of over-trusteeing. Individual initiative should be encouraged, providing the individual and the initiative are of the right sort.

The social doctor idea is feasible.



A COURT IN SESSION AT THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

The judge later was a law school graduate and then became United States Marshal

MONADNOCK THROUGH THE TREES

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

BEFORE there was in Egypt any sound
Of those who reared a more prodigious means
For the self-heavy sleep of kings and queens
Than hitherto had mocked the most renowned,—
Unvisioned here and waiting to be found,
Alone, amid remote and older scenes,
You loomed above ancestral evergreens
Before there were the first of us around.

And when the last of us, if we know how,
See farther from ourselves than we do now,
Assured with other sight than heretofore
That we have done our mortal best and worst,—
Your calm will be the same as when the first
Assyrians went howling south to war.

KNUD, SON OF KNUD¹ A STORY OF LINCOLN'S LAND

BY EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

FOR half a dozen years, while his long arms were busy handling the foaming pails of milk that were to make great yellow Danish cheeses, Knud Jensen thought of one thing: Some day he would go to America.

It was true that the pastures that he rented from the Baron were green and the cows gave richly, so that the red woolen stocking that Petra kept safely hidden was filling above the ankle with coins, and some of them golden crowns at that. But crowns are not all. Often Petra read to him from letters of her friends who had gone across the sea, and there were strange words—that in America there are no barons to own the land and take all the respect because their fathers before them had always been the high families, that newcomers could come quickly into many fine rights, and that farmers and shopkeepers and all could tell the Government what men they wished raised to the high places in the town and kingdom.

It was enough to think of for six slow, steady, comfortable years of cheeses on week days and church on Sundays. And sometimes they even talked of it a little over the savory peas and pork soup that marked Fridays or the cabbage and mutton of Tuesday's dinner.

But when their great year came they knew, without speech, that this was the time to go to America. And Petra began at once to pack the chest and the thick bags with her prized linens and embroideries, come carefully down from neat-handed mother and grandmother, and with the heavy woolen garments fashioned for northern winters. And with the larger ones went many softly

knitted little jackets and socks and even an odd snug, very round little pink-and-blue hood that scarcely went over the tightly closed fist of blushing happy big Knud.

By the time the chests and bags were ready Knud Jensen had sold his cows and his cheese forms and all the simple furniture of the cottage to his good neighbors, and on one of the long bright days of midsummer they set out, big Knud and his Petra, on the pilgrimage. Stopping to see old Auntie Croonquist, Petra's godmother, at the next town and lonely Uncle Per three miles out in the country, they came at last to the sea town where the ships rode the smooth water, one of them ready to go across to that very town of New York.

"We will be in the new land when August is here, perhaps even before that," said big Knud.

"We will be old, old Americans then before little—" Petra began, and laughed softly. "He will never know that his father and mother were once just Danish greenhorns."

"We will be smart and speak to him right away in the new American, as Hjalmer Lagerblad, who came back for a visit, said, 'Hel-lo lilla Knud!'"

And they both laughed and dreamed, counting out the money carefully in their small upstairs room at the boarding-house, so that they might go down to the street of shops and offices to buy the tickets to go to the great new life. But at that very moment the landlady climbed the narrow stairs, breathing hard with the weight of her hurried message.

"There has come a man from the country to see you. He says the old uncle lies stiff and sick and his tongue is dumb."

"Yes," said neighbor Karl Lofroth a few moments later in the crowded little parlor below. "He cannot speak, but his eyes they ask something. The women say it is Petra he wishes, and they sent me so quickly to fetch you before you could sail away in the big ship that I came even in my old coat."

They went back with Karl to lonely Uncle Per, with his asking eyes and his still, still body, and by that bedside they stayed through the dragging nights and the brief day-lighted days of autumn and early winter until the second stroke came kindly and the old man went away from the chilly Danish country to the land without night.

When they came back from the cold stone Lutheran church, Petra started within an hour to pack again the chest and thick bags.

"It is not too late yet," she said, bravely. "He must be born an American, born an American. Uncle Per would take it no badness of respect to him that we should go at once, to-day."

They went through the deep-lying snows to the little station that very night and came again to the sea town, where only a ship or two now plunged and struggled in the hollows of the gray sea.

"We should wait," urged Knud then. "This thing is too hard for you."

"No, no," said Petra Jensen, and her voice was strong and eager, though the shadows hung gray under her blue eyes and she was full of weariness from the long nursing of the old uncle.

So big Knud went out to get the tickets for the ship that was to leave the harbor in two or three days on an uncertain January voyage. But when he returned an hour later he was led by a mysterious rosy-faced landlady to

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the cold little parlor, shut off for the winter from the heat of the rest of the house and looking colder than ever with its rime frost of tidies on all the stiff-stuffed chairs and walnut center table.

"I should tell you," half whispered the woman, breaking her great news finally in the sacred chill of that best room, "that you are a proud father, Mr. Jensen. There has come into this world since you went downtown a fine little boy, just as fine a little Dane as you could wish to see."

So it was that the tiny woolen jackets and the socks no longer than one's hand and the snug, very round cap were unpacked from the bottom of the chest, and they were none too warm for the early spring voyage that little Knud took across the wide stretch of the windy sea. And though big Knud's gray eyes smiled into Petra's blue ones over the frowzy white head of his son, she would hug her ruddy-faced sturdy little Dane close and say: "We are glad every day to have him here—but we should have beat him to America. It is too bad!"

They stopped for a few months in the Eastern States before finding just the place to go on to in the Middle West, where the farms looked more like the homeland, a better place for a man whose big hands had handled cheeses and milk-pails. So it happened that little Knud was a year old before big Knud found the chance to apply for the first of the great papers that should, in the course of five years, make him an entire American under the law.

THEY had not yet money enough, after the long journey, to buy land for a farm of their own, but there was plenty of time for that. Meanwhile Knud worked in a creamery, where he was soon at home, the big white-tiled room smelled so like his own Denmark dairy of new milk and pleasantly ripe cream and fragrant butter. The half a hundred other employees represented many parts of Europe, but a number of them were blond-haired northmen like himself. There was plenty of chance for picking up new friends, and from them learning many new things about the Government that was not a kingdom, but where every man had his vote for offices high and low.

Occasionally too he ran across friends from the old land, and he took them proudly out to the cottage at the edge of town where Petra had made a home out of four rooms, some golden-oak rocking-chairs, a red-clothed table, and a big American range that very quickly learned the knack of all the savory old-country dishes. The coffee-pot seemed always on the stove, and before the visitor had finished looking at the pictures of good neighbor Andersen's family and all the far-away kinsfolks Petra would have the table set for lunch with rusks and rich, crumbly "poor man's cake" and a potted plant in the center. There was always good talk of Denmark, but better talk yet

of this new country, with its fine stores and its parks with flowers free to look at, and its tall, crowded Lutheran churches.

Always, sooner or later, Petra would bring out the best of her happy past life—the beautiful embroideries done by mothers and grandmothers Sorensen and Jensen; and the best of her new life—big Knud's paper that in five years was to be exchanged to the last paper of naturalization and make little Knud almost as good as American-born. Then the cherished paper went back to its place of safekeeping with the marriage certificate and the Lutheran pastor's statement of little Knud's christening.

But one winter night when the boy was almost five there was a guest who hung on for a long time to the precious paper. He was Claus Paulssen, who had gone in the old days to school with big Knud and who had only lately discovered him here.

"You are soon ready for your last papers. When you get to voting, you let me tell you about some good men here. I have been here ten years, and I know many of them. Let me see, when do you get them?" He looked again at the date, then in surprise, "Why, you should get your last papers on the thirteenth day of February that is coming soon."

"No," said Knud, simply. "It takes five years."

"Well, look at that date. Five years from that makes this next February sure."

Knud studied the familiar paper long and carefully. It was strange that in its many handlings he had not seen that mistaken year date. It stood out now very clear and black. The figure read for the February when he and Petra were still in the Danish boarding-house at the seaport with little Knud, who had surprised them there.

"It is a mistake," said Knud. "We were still in the Danish sea town at that time. We did not come over until May, and it was the next winter that we made our home here and I went to the stone court-house for the paper."

"A mistake!" Claus Paulssen began, sneeringly, his red face growing redder yet. It was not the fresh, wholesome color of his Scandinavian ancestry, nor the healthy flush given by this American ozone. Knud Jensen did not like the looks of this newly discovered Claus, and already Petra felt the air tainted by his breath and wished him out of her house. "A mistake," he said again. "Well, I've seen a lot of the same kind around election time, and sometimes they're worth the risk."

Then suddenly he looked up from the smooth unscratched surface of the document to Knud's clear, honest, puzzled face. His tone changed quickly to surprised, wheedling virtue:

"It sure is a queer mistake. But you've got to take the Government's word. You can't change it after the judge made out the paper that way."

It's your plain duty to get your papers in February and help in the county and National elections."

"Five years it takes to make an entire American," Knud broke in. "Five years of living in this country after going to the courts for the first paper. And five years ago Petra and I were still in that Danish town by the sea even so late as when the grass grew green."

"Well, of course it doesn't matter," Claus said again. "You'll have to wait four whole years to vote for a President; but *you* don't care to help the country out or to have any say about who runs this State and county."

He waited for this to sink in, almost as though he knew that this was one of the great privileges Knud had come across the water to earn for himself and for his boy after him.

"It is a mistake," Knud spoke with decision that closed the talk. "The country does not need to be helped by such things. The truth is better. I can wait."

When Claus Paulssen went away that evening to his "many friends" on the shabbiest corners of the lower town streets, there was no urging on the part of the Jensens that he come back again. Never had they felt so toward any of the old friends. To himself Knud said, in his newly learned American way: "I have no time for a man like that." He might as well have broken their revered law of hospitality and said it aloud, for Petra knew and agreed, and even little Knud looked with questioning unfriendliness on that swaggering departing back that they were not yet to be rid of.

BUT they shortly forgot Claus in a new experience that took little Knud, full ripe five years old now, off to the American kindergarten, but seemed actually to enroll the whole family.

The boy was big of bone and tall, with steady gray eyes, built after the very fashion of his father. His thick shock of pale-yellow hair bristled always as though his tight red wool cap had just been drawn from his head. Petra with loving care had cross-stitched the sailor collar of his blue gingham blouse with a wonderful pattern of pine trees and reindeer, but the home-sewn black trousers above his thick-knit gray stockings reached too far below the knees without ending in the few little jaunty gathers and buckled straps that finished the knickerbockers of other little boys. The black shoes on his fast-growing feet had unnecessarily high heels and from the in-steps the long toes ran forward so far that they could not stay on the ground the whole way, but tilted unevenly up at their heavily capped ends. Knud thought them fine enough and wiped the winter slush carefully from them with dried grass, but even he knew that they were not dancing shoes.

That was the one hard, unpleasant

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Springfield, Missouri

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thing about this new life—that there were airy dances and lightly skipping games. During this part of every morning's programme little Knud Jensen, bare five years old but looking seven at least, his great rough yellow head towering above all his mates, stumbled and struggled with silent suffering to dance with dainty little American girls and boys, firmly shod in square-toed patent leathers. Not that any little girl ever willingly chose him for a partner, but sometimes Teacher managed it deftly or there was a dearth of dapper little boys.

Neither mother Petra nor father Knud dreamed that there was this shadowy side to the fine American life they sent their son into each morning. They saw his sturdy frame and his halo of yellow hair and his true, steady eyes, and they were glad and proud. And the boy said nothing.

Little Knud never had talked much. He was of the kind who speak best with their fingers, shaping and creating neatness and beauty. Was it not a wonderful tribute to the power of a little Dane to turn quickly into a smart American child that Teacher commended so warmly his brown corrugated paper washboard, his paper sled, his cut-out pictures of mother Petra hanging flapping clothes out on a line in a rollicking wind, and even his painting of a red, red poinsettia, splashingly lovely? Hardly a bit of Knud's handiwork could stay in the parlor with the red table-cover and the golden-oak rockers. Teacher wanted it brought back to school to be hung on the walls, so that visitors might see what beautifully matched and pasted and painted work one child could do, and an overseas boy at that.

Every day there was some time to do these marvelous things, and for that hour of sheer joy his knees forgot that they were too high for the low tables and chairs and folded happily under a checkered table. For that hour he lived through the humiliation of dancing time. He could bear much, try patiently, because after the dancing games there would be the chance to make things with his fingers.

But there came a day when this seemed hardly solace enough. It was toward the middle of February. The game of the morning was the worst possible one, so thought Knud, called out as partner to tiny Janie Dean in the gay half dance, half drama of "Oh, Won't You Come and Walk With Me?" Janie had wanted a different partner and she was much spoiled at home. Now she stamped her tiny foot straight on Knud's sore heart. "I won't dance with him!" she pouted. "He has horrid old shoes. He falls all over himself."

That was all, but it was more than enough. Even the joy of making a soldier hat, stiff and true and plumed at the finish with a carefully fringed tassel of red-white-and-blue tissue paper, couldn't take the mute pain out of the little Dane's eyes. No, nor the nicely

managed appeal of now penitent Janie for his help with her hat, which burst out repeatedly from the futile crooked folding of her helpless little pink hands. But Teacher read the story in the brooding gray eyes and understood and cared.

Suddenly she said: "Instead of a game before we go home I am going to tell you one of the best stories in the world, and it is a true one too. It is a story that belongs to to-morrow, the 12th of February, but I can't wait even that long to tell it to you."

THE first of the story had in it a little boy living in a log house in a land of forests and wild life, helping his father all day long to hunt food or plant gardens or chop down trees. There was no schoolhouse to go to, but at night he lay on the floor on a bearskin before the blazing fireplace and read all the books he could find anywhere. He was always big for his age, tall and strong, like Knud here, and he could do many things with his hands that other boys could not do. When he had grown to be a man, the people of America thought this Abraham Lincoln the only man wise enough and strong enough to be President and to help them out of all their troubles.

There was much more to the story than this sketchy outline, and even pictures of the log house where he had lived when he was about as big as Knud.

"He was a very great man," said Teacher, "but the two things he was proudest of were two things almost all of us have. He was proud of his mother, who had been very good to him, and that he was an American."

"I'm a 'Merican," interrupted Dewey Harris. "I'm named after a great boat man."

"I'm a 'Merican. I'm a 'Merican," clamored the high voices of little girls and the louder ones of the boys. Only one of all the circle sat still, some of the shadow still left in his gray eyes.

"We are all Americans," said Teacher, quietly, but in a tone that stopped all the little voices. "You know there are two kinds of Americans, and I'm sure that you are big enough to understand about them."

Small shoulders were squared, eyes were all attention, and all ears listened.

"One kind is like most of us, born in this beautiful country of America, where we have room enough for everybody and fine farms and towns and schools and churches, and people can be happy if they will only work well and be good. And the other kind are the people who were born far away across the sea in some other country but when they heard of America they thought they would like to come here and be Americans too. So they packed up their clothes and the most precious things in their houses and traveled in wagons and trains and ships, a long, hard journey, until they came to America. They are Americans, too, because

they chose to be; and sometimes I think that that is almost the best kind of American to be."

Teacher had almost forgotten what mites of countrymen she was talking to. She seemed only to look at one young face, full of an inarticulate passion of loyalty beneath unkempt yellow locks. But she turned back to the rustling circle.

"I wonder if any little boy or girl here was born across the sea?"

The children looked dazed. Then an obliging child with pink rosettes above her ears offered,

"Maybe I was. I think I remember I was."

"Martha wasn't either," shouted her cousin John. "She was borned in Chicago."

"My mother was born in France."

A clamor began then, offering fathers, mothers, aunts, and grandmothers uncertainly but heartily as the new kind of Americans.

But Teacher went on. "Perhaps there isn't any one here who was born across the sea and came with his father and mother in a big ship across the water to be Americans, but I thought maybe—"

Then slowly at last Knud got to his feet, standing in grave, silent dignity.

"Were you, Knud?"

"I think," deliberated the boy, "that I was borned in Denmark. I th-ink" (he approached his th's carefully, giving them extra thick value because the thinner was so much easier, and father Knud never said t'ink any more). "I th-ink I heard my mother say to Auntie how I was a little baby but I did not even cry when the water was going rough under the big ship. I hadn't got growed then, so I can't remember myself."

"Oh, he's a Denmarker then!" exclaimed the excited Dewey.

"Oh, no," said Teacher, and she smiled in a way good to see; "he is one of the new Americans I have been telling you about, whose father and mother chose to come to Abraham Lincoln's country, our country. To-morrow will be Lincoln's Birthday, and instead of games we will wear the soldier hats we made and march and wave our flags and be very proud of our country. And we want our newest American to wave the big flag—wave it high—while we sing 'America.' If Knud will ask his father and mother to-night if he really was born in Denmark, and they say yes, then he is our newest American and we will let him wave the big flag. That is the best honor any one could have in this whole school."

KNUD went home, his stumbling feet forgotten and the ache gone out of his brooding eyes. His steady, slow heart was on fire with a new warmth and loyalty and eagerness, yet he said no word of his great question to mother Petra when she gave him a lunch of a bowl of hot milk thickened and sprinkled with cinnamon. His

mother might be able to remember that he did not even cry on the great ship, but it was his father who would be able to say certainly that he was born in Denmark. No one but a tall, strong man could climb to the roof of a Danish cottage, such as he had seen in the pictures of an old country book, and reach the stork's nest fitted in snugly against the warm chimney and bring a baby down. The question must wait until he ran, as he always did, down the darkening street to meet big Knud with his scoured dinner-pail and warm, red clasping hand.

"Well, boy. So it is you."

"Yes, it is me," and off they would go along the crunching, snowy sidewalk and turn finally from the crisp cold into the cheerful warmth and yellow lamplight of the home kitchen, with the table already set for supper and the pots and pans steaming on the stove.

The great day drew near its dusk and little Knud left his play early to go down the street, twice as far as the usual meeting-place. But as the big bundled figure of big Knud came dimly into sight another one joined it, and when they reached little Knud, standing uncertainly at the corner, his father was deep in talk with Claus Paulssen.

Big Knud shifted his dinner-pail mechanically to grasp the thick blue mitten of his son. "So, boy, it is you," he began, but he did not hear the answer. Claus was filling all the air around with his hard, fast talk.

"I come like a friend to advise you. This is the time you should have your naturalization papers. I have some friends who are running for office in the county. The man for sheriff now, I know him very well. And he is willing to do something handsome for the men who will help him to gain the foreign vote. The Danes are a stubborn lot, and they do not take easily to any advice about the best men, but you know them at the creamery and the lodge and your big Lutheran church, and they admire your good sense. You could be a leader among them and have much influence if you could only vote yourself."

"I say again that the year date is a mistake. At that time I was wishing

to be an American, but I had not yet crossed the ocean," said Knud Jensen.

"It is your luck that the old judge, who was grown so old that his eyes were not much good, made that mistake," went on Claus. "I tell you that that man who is running for sheriff has lots of money and he is generous with his new friends."

Big Knud did not answer this time. Claus misread that disdainful silence and went on in softer, persuasive tones:

"Perhaps that figure is even correct. It would be easy for a hard-working man like you to forget or mistake the year he came over."

Then the slow, smoldering northern wrath broke. Without seeming conscious of the mittened hand of his son, Knud spoke of him:

"It is time that you should stop speaking, Claus Paulssen. Do you think that I would forget the birth of my son? We wished him to be born in America, to which we talked long of coming, and we hurried from the milk and cheese farm, but we had to stay long months in the winter caring for paralyzed old Uncle Per. And when we came at last to take the ship the boy came to us there in that Danish seaport. We would have had him an entire American, but soon, next year when I have the papers, he will be one, and not by cheating and lying shall it be done. And as for the vote for sheriff, I am not taking what the Americans would call rotten money for my rights."

They stopped on the last snowy corner, where a fluttering of diamond flakes drifted down under the high-hung street light. It showed Claus the grim, determined look of big Knud's face, but Claus took defeat slowly.

"For old time's sake, then," he ventured, counting on the close-knit ties that hold all Danes together, even in this New World.

But Knud thundered: "Go home, Claus Paulssen. With my door but a dozen steps away I would not ask you to come in."

That was far for a Dane to go, turning a countryman from his always hospitable house. Even coarse Claus Paulssen was stung to silence, and he turned roughly away in the night.

Big Knud turned toward the light in the little house. His rough-hewn face was kind and clear again and he pressed the small mitten.

"Well, boy, so it is you," he said, as though they had just met.

"Yes," said little Knud, "it is me." But to his father's surprise he went on with a slow, steady stream of talk.

"We maked soldier hats to-day. We will wear them to-morrow. We will march for that Abraham Lincoln's Birthday."

They had reached the door, and Petra opened it wide for them, all tidy in her starched lavender dress and blue gingham apron with cross-stitch roses blooming in a wide border along its hem. She slipped a cover slyly over a kettle on the stove to guard the supper surprise, but the savory odors that filled the room gave her away entirely.

Little Knud stood in the center of the room. He tugged at his tight red wool cap and it came off, dragging his thick hair up on end in a rough yellow halo. His mother smiled and reached over to smooth it down, but the boy moved a step nearer to his father and went on:

"I will wave the flag. I will wave it high. It is good that I am so tall."

Big Knud stood staring at his suddenly wordy son.

"What?" he asked.

"I will wave the flag high," little Knud repeated patiently, "because I am the newest 'Merican. Teacher said so. Teacher said my father he came a long way with trouble because he wanted to be a 'Merican man. We—we choosed to be 'Mericans, and that is the best kind. Teacher she said so."

Something more than the reflection of the kerosene-lamp light shone in big Knud's eyes. Then he smiled all over his long, homely, ruddy Danish face.

"Teacher in the American school said that, did she? Petra, do you hear what this boy says?" His gray eyes laughed into her blue ones. "So maybe we are not too late, after all, even if this Knud did fly to meet us in Denmark when we should have run to see him in America. We will be Americans yet, all three of us."

He stopped and sniffed the air. "It is mutton and cabbage, Petra. That is good."

Week after next, Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer, author of "Diana's Tenants," will describe what he regards as "The World's Worst Failure"

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

BY DAVID DOWNIE

SOME years ago there was published in the Los Angeles "Times" and several other American papers "An Open Letter to President Roosevelt" protesting against his laudatory characterization of British rule in India. It was signed by seventeen Americans, mostly ministers. I wrote a reply to that letter, a copy of which was sent to a newspaper called "India." The editor refused to publish it, but it was published in "Truths about India" and other papers, showing the utter untruthfulness of the statements in the "Manifesto." In my paper I took occasion to say that I had been a missionary in India for more than thirty-five years, with exceptional opportunities of knowing the people and the Government, and that I could say without the slightest fear of contradiction that there was not a single word of truth in the statements referred to.

It would seem as if the replies then made to the so-called "Manifesto" should have been sufficient to satisfy the people of the United States of the ignorance that then prevailed regarding the Government of India, but such does not appear to be the case. I have before me as I write a paper published in New York entitled "The Tragedy of India," which not only repeats the fabulous statements of the "Manifesto," but adds to them a series of statements that are utterly untrue, and yet that are, I am credibly informed, believed by many otherwise intelligent people in America to be actual facts. One

wonders where Americans get such false impressions, for I cannot believe that many see the paper just referred to. I can think of at least three sources of misinformation. These are:

1. *Superficial World Tourists.* Some years ago, in Madras, I met a party of tourists who had come out to "do" India. Recognizing them as Americans, I asked one of them where they had landed. He did not seem to know, and asked one of his fellow-voyagers. "Landed? It was at Colombo, wasn't it?" "Oh, yes; so it was." I then asked if they had seen Kandy in Ceylon, or Tanjore, or Madura, or Trichinopoly. "No, we haven't seen anything; we landed at Colombo and are now on our way to Calcutta." Fancy a party of American tourists coming out to "do" India and passing through the whole of South India without seeing a single one of the noted places of one-half of the country they had crossed the continent of America and the Pacific Ocean to see! That may be an extreme case, but there are many tourists who make a hop, skip, and jump through India, speak with a few English-speaking Indians, get fed up with a lot of misinformation, and then go home and pose as authorities on things Indian. I have just returned from a furlough to America, where I found an amazing amount of this sort of information about India.

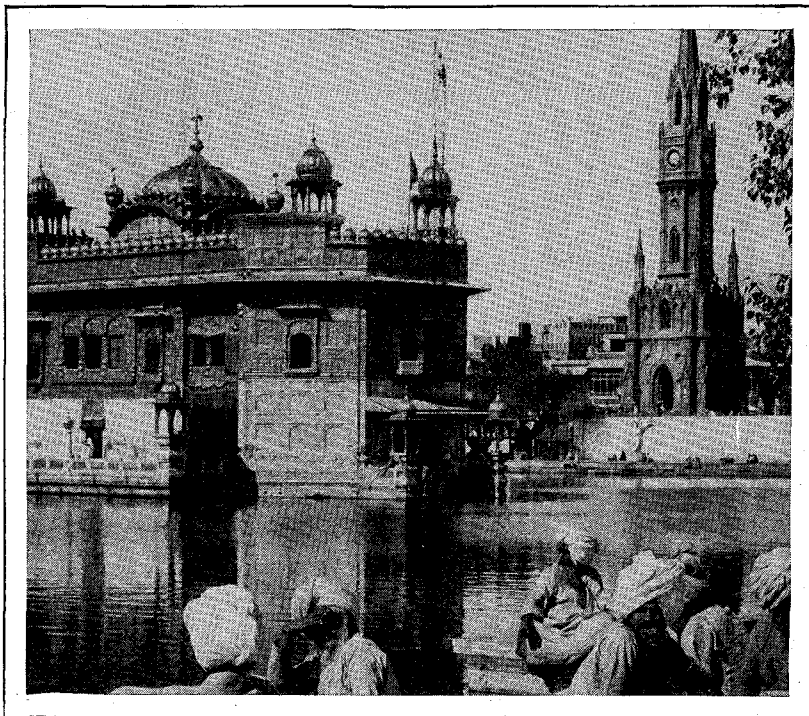
2. *Disappointed Students.* It is well known that Indian university students have Government employment as their

chief aim in seeking an education. That is not true of all. Some have law, medicine, and teaching as their aim; but the great mass have no use for an education if it does not secure for them some Government position. But to get that certain difficult examinations must be passed. A considerable proportion of the applicants fail. That, of course, brings disappointment. Of course the fault is not theirs. The fault is the Government's for demanding such stiff examinations. They will have revenge in doing all they can to discredit the Government.

These disappointed and disgruntled men have sympathizers, some of them in Government employ. They have money at their disposal, and gladly give it or lend it to aid in a crusade against the Government. America is known as a fruitful field for such an enterprise. So off they go to sow the seeds of dissension between Britain and America. Here is a specimen of how they begin, taken from the New York paper above mentioned:

"To the people of the United States of America: We know your love of fair play. The people of other countries have looked on America for the past century and a half as the refuge of the oppressed, a haven where the fighter for the right against might could find a sanctuary from the wrath of tyrants," etc. Then follows a long list of charges against the Government so utterly false that they cause one who lives in India to blush for the people whom he loves and for whom he lives. And what an atrocious reflection on the intelligence of the American people that they should be expected to believe such egregious falsehoods! And yet many do believe them, and much mischief is done thereby.

3. *The German Propaganda.* In spite of the Great War, Germany is said still to have her eye on India. She has probably given up the Berlin-Bagdad route, but there is still the route through the Ukraine and Afghanistan. To accomplish her purpose Britain must be discredited in the eyes of the people of India. Not a difficult thing to do with a small but persistently disloyal section of the people. Britain must be shown to be a dastardly Power, guilty of the most heinous crimes and the cause of famine, plague, and oppression of every sort. For that sort of stuff Germany is ready to pay a handsome price. And this also pleases the Irish-Americans who hate Britain with a bitter hatred. The following, taken from the Madras "Mail," confirms, in part at least, what I have said: "Sir Edward Carson, speaking regarding Ireland, said that there was ample evidence that the condition of affairs was all a part of the propaganda carried on in Egypt and India. The chief offices



(C) Underwood

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT INDIAN ARCHITECTURE (THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, ON THE LEFT) AND BRITISH ARCHITECTURE (THE CLOCK TOWER, ON THE RIGHT). THIS SCENE IS AT AMRITSAR, ON THE SACRED LAKE



Keystone

LORD CHELMSFORD
VICEROY OF INDIA

were in New York. The directors of the campaign were not animated by any desire to help Ireland, but from hatred were working to destroy the British Empire. Whether it came via Germany or not, a great part of the funds for the movement came from New York."

INDIA BEFORE THE BRITISH CAME

These false accusers speak of "the independent India of two centuries ago." There was no independent India two centuries ago, nor at any other period. From the Aryan invasion, which took place before 1500 B.C., there was no such thing as independence or a general government of India till the British came. When the Aryans, the Brahmins of the present day, invaded India, they found a people already here. They were the Dravidian races, some say they were the aborigines; these the Aryans drove south and up to the hills. Thus the Dravidians were deprived of what freedom they had and were made practically the slaves of the Aryans. Yet it is these Aryans that are now clamoring about their "ancient civilization and independence."

Alexander the Great invaded India in 327 B.C., but he did not conquer a single province, much less form a government. As a result of his invasion there sprang up a number of Indian adventurers who each aspired to gain a kingdom. They established a number of dynasties, but no one of them ever established a general government of India. The two most important dynasties were the Buddhist and the Mogul.

THE BUDDHIST DYNASTY

From 264 to 227 B.C. Asoka reigned over what is now known as the province of Behar. He became an earnest and devoted convert to Buddhism, and for two hundred years that religion spread all over northern India. It was an attempt to reform Hinduism. The two religions coexisted for two thousand years. But Buddhism failed to reform Hinduism, which remains the

dominant religion to the present day. Buddhism has all but died out in India, but flourishes in Burma, Ceylon, Tibet, and China.

THE MOGUL DYNASTY

The Mogul dynasty was probably more important than all those that preceded it. It lasted from 1525 to 1857, a period which saw more ferocious wars than any other period in the history of India. The enmity that existed between the Hindus and Mohammedans has never been altogether eradicated, though at present there seems to be more or less friendship between the two races. This, however, is evidently for political purposes, just as certain parties pretend friendship for Ireland for the purpose of securing the Irish-American vote. But all through these centuries there has never been anything like a government of the entire country.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

Great Britain did not invade India for the purpose of war and conquest, as the Aryans and Mohammedans did. The East India Company was established solely for the purpose of trade. The French and Portuguese came for the same purpose and still have small provinces in the country. Misunderstandings among these companies and the native peoples led to war. Either by concession or conquest the company's "sphere of influence" was extended till it became the dominant power.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT

The Indian Government consists of (1) The Home Government in England; (2) the Supreme Government in

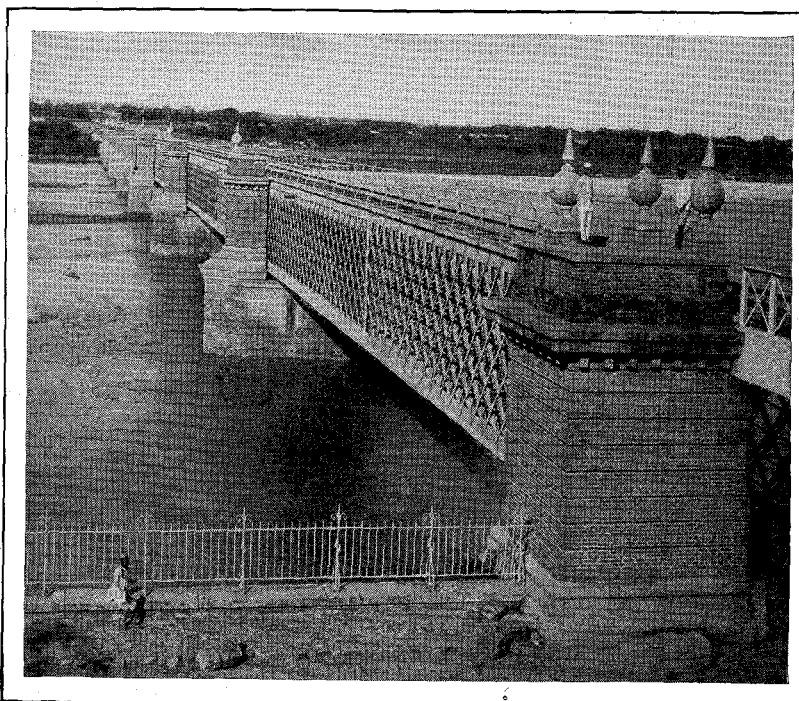
India; (3) the provincial governments; and (4) the self-governments or governments of the native states.

1. *The Home Government.* This consists of a Secretary of State for India, with a Council. He is really the head of the Indian Government, subject to the British Cabinet. He is assisted by a Council of from ten to fourteen members, partly Britons and partly Indians, but all familiar with Indian affairs. Nominally, the King appoints the Viceroy of India, but really it is the Secretary of State, acting for the Cabinet, who does it.

2. *The Supreme Government in India.* This consists (1) of the Viceroy and the Executive Council. It consists of six members, of whom one must be an Indian, but by the new Constitution there must be not less than three Indians. At least, that is the recommendation of the Montague Committee, now before Parliament. The Committee add to their report "that as time goes on it is more and more likely that the members of the Council will be Indian rather than European."

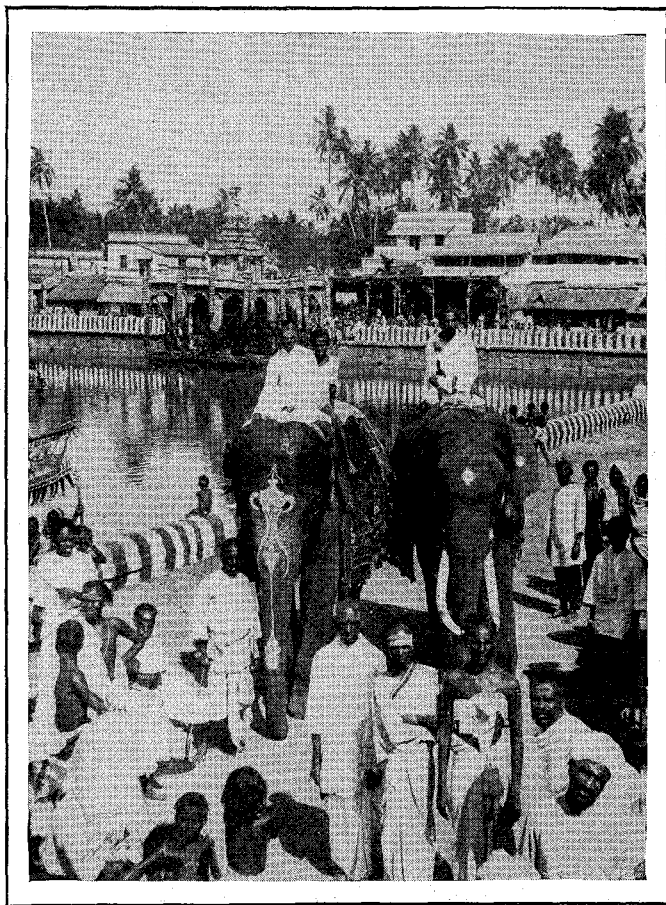
(2) *The Legislative Council.* This body, under the new act, will be replaced by two councils, called the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Council of State will consist of 60 members, of whom 33 shall be elected and 27 nominated. Of the latter not more than twenty shall be officials. Of the elected members only three shall be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies.

The Legislative Assembly will consist of 143 members, of whom 102 shall be elected and the rest shall be nominated. Of the nominated members not more than twenty-six will be officials. Of the elected members only nine are



(C) Underwood

"BRITAIN HAS DEVELOPED THE COUNTRY AS IT NEVER WAS BEFORE SHE CAME. . . . SHE HAS THREADED THE COUNTRY WITH RAILWAYS . . ." THIS IS THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT DELHI



(C) Keystone

DRAVIDIAN PEOPLE AND CHARACTERISTIC DRAVIDIAN ARCHITECTURE, AT MADURA.
THE SCENE IS A FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE GOD VISHNU

to be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies.

3. *Provincial Governments.* There are ten provinces. These are Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Assam, Burma, and Delhi. As the governments are practically the same in all, I shall speak in detail only of Madras.

4. *The Native States.* It is not generally known that there are in India some seven hundred native states with more or less of independence and self-government. In the larger of these states there is usually a British Resident, who advises and looks after the interests of the state and at the same time sees that the interests of Britain are safeguarded.

THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY

The Madras Presidency covers a large portion of South India, and has a population of upward of fifty millions.

The *Chief Executive* consists of a Governor and Council of three members, one of whom must be an Indian. In the new act the number will be increased to four, one of whom must have had at least twelve years' service in the Government. The others may be non-officials.

The *Legislative Council* will consist of 127 members, of whom 98 will be elected and the rest nominated, not more than 19 being officials. Of the elected members only five may be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies. By the old act only

7,000 persons had the franchise, by the new act 540,000 will have the right to vote.

For the present the Supreme Government will continue to control a few matters, such as the military, the postal system, the police, coinage, and relations with the native states. It will thus be seen that the people will have a very large share in the government of their own country.

District Boards. In the Madras Presidency there are 22 districts. In each district there is a district board, consisting of about 25 members, partly elected and partly nominated. The size of these districts differs, but they may average about five thousand square miles, each with a population of about 1,500,000. Each district is governed by a collector or chief magistrate, a judge, superintendent of police, district engineer, and district surgeon. The collector is usually the chairman of the board,¹ though the deputy collector, who is generally an Indian, usually presides. The missionaries of the districts are generally members of the board, but of the twenty or twenty-five members there rarely are more than four or five Europeans present at the meetings.

The boards are permitted to spend a considerable part of the revenue of the district for specified objects, such as irrigation, agriculture, education, roads, sanitation, etc.

¹That is the District Board, which is to be distinguished from the District Administration.
—The Editors.

Municipalities. All the larger cities and towns have their own municipal councils, composed almost exclusively of Indians. Like the district boards, these councils manage their own affairs, subject to the supervision of the collector.

To show how far these districts are under the control of Indians, I have before me an official statement showing the percentage of European and Indian officials in five of the districts taken at random. In the Kistna District the percentage of Indians is 77. In Guntur it is 85. In Godavery it is 70. In Tinnevely it is 68. In Cuddapah it is 95.

Since the above statement was written "New India" of March 31 publishes the following: "Our Tanjore news letter states that Mr. Narayana Iyer, I. C. S. (Indian Civil Service), becomes District Judge and Mr. P. C. Dutt, I. C. S., succeeds Mr. J. R. Higgins as Collector. Thus both the Collector and the Judge of this important district will be Indians." The correspondent adds: "When the official changes above reported take place, we will have in this district a group of Indian officials presiding over all the important branches of departmental administration, the only European officer left behind being Mr. A. J. King, I. C. S., Headquarters Sub-Collector and additional District Magistrate. With Mr. Dutt as Collector, Mr. Narayana as Judge, Mr. Govinda Nair as District Superintendent of Police, Major Rai as District Surgeon, and Mr. Parame-swarmi Pillai as Executive Engineer the administration of the district becomes wholly Indianized at the top as well as at the bottom." "New India" adds, "We offer our congratulations to the district." It may be added in this connection that of the fifty High Court judges in the six High Courts of India, eighteen are Indians.

It will thus be seen that Britain is doing what Queen Victoria said she would do, namely: "We hold ourselves bound to the Natives of our Indian Territories by the same obligations of duty which bind Us to all Our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of God, We shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill. And it is Our further will that so far as may be, Our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to office in Our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE FOR INDIA

What Britain has done for India, if it were all told, would fill a large book. I can only just mention some of the outstanding benefits Britain has conferred on India since she became the ruling power.

In the first place, she has stopped foreign invasions. Beginning with the Aryan invasion before 1500 B.C., there was an almost uninterrupted succession of invasions and cruel wars. The Aryans,

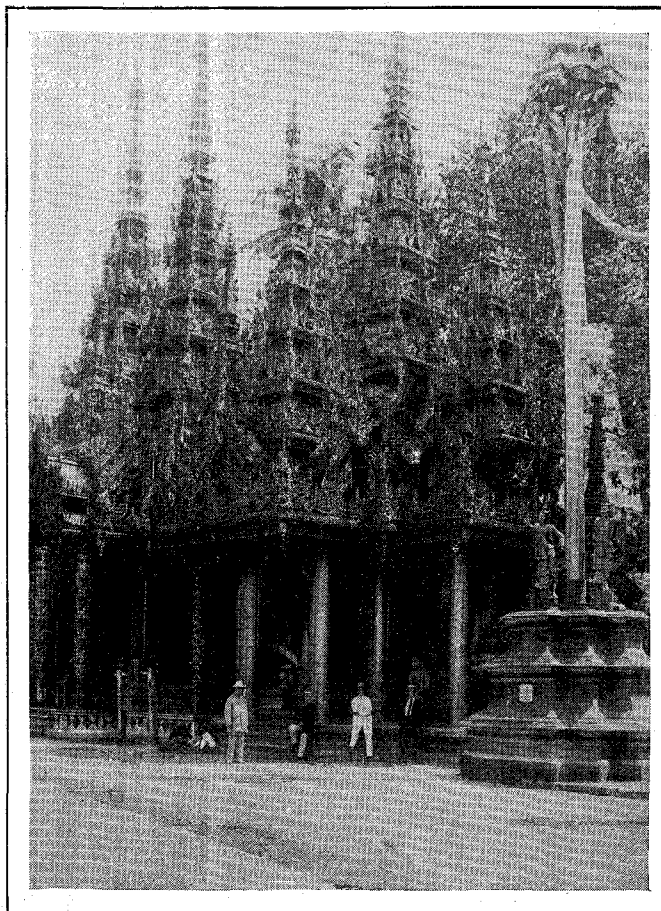
in spite of their boasted civilization, made war a part of their religion. In the Rig-Veda Indra is invited to "quaff the soma-juice abundantly," and is urged to destroy its enemies. "Hurl thy thunderbolts upon them, uproot them, cleave them asunder." The Mahabharata, the epic poem of the Hindus, is simply a history of successive wars ending in almost total destruction of the contending parties. Nor were the Mohammedan wars less cruel and destructive. During seven hundred years the warring races of Central Asia and Afghanistan kept up perpetual wars, pillage, and massacre. For putting a stop to these horrible invasions and bloody wars India owes a debt of gratitude to Britain which she can never fully repay.

Secondly, Britain has given to India a Government by which protection and civil and political rights are secured to the people. She has established a splendid system of police and courts of justice by which justice is secured to all classes, irrespective of caste, creed, or color.

Thirdly, Britain has developed the country as it never was before she came. She has established a magnificent postal and telegraph system; threaded the country with railways and canals, thus helping to avert, or at least to mitigate, the effects of the periodic famines, caused by the failure of the monsoon rains, to which the country is subject and for which no human prevention has yet been found. In the paper I referred to in the beginning of this article there is this statement: "Without irrigation agriculture is impossible. Irrigation has been culpably neglected by the Government." The writer of that statement made a terrible blunder, for if there is any one thing more than another that the Government has done to develop the country, it is in the line of irrigation. Many examples of this might be given, but I will cite but two with which I am personally familiar.

The Sungam Project, in the Nellore District, opened up 70,000 acres of land which was either wholly or partially unsuitable for wet cultivation. The cost of this project was \$1,250,665. The Government borrowed the money and gradually recovered it in taxes on the land benefited. The tax on irrigated land varies with the situation of the land and the amount of water required. A fair average might be about five dollars an acre. The gain to the farmer would be at least three times that.

In the Madura and Cuddapah Districts there is what is known as the Periyar System, which opened up 128,000 acres of wet cultivation. Since that project was completed the population of the tract covered by the system increased by forty-four per cent as against twenty-eight per cent in previous years. The price of land increased from 75 to 175 rupees per acre. The increase of irrigated crops as compared with dry-land crops is about three to one. These are samples of



"BUDDHISM HAS ALL BUT DIED OUT IN INDIA, BUT FLOURISHES IN BURMA." THIS BUDDHIST TEMPLE IS AT RANGOON, THE CAPITAL OF BURMA, WHICH IS ONE OF THE CHIEF PROVINCES OF BRITISH INDIA

the irrigation works which the Government has started and carried on all over India. Men who say that the Government is doing nothing to assist the people in developing their lands and thus increasing their incomes are either grossly ignorant or are stating what they know to be absolutely false.

Mr. Akshaya K. Ghose, a celebrated professor and barrister at law, has written a little book called "Progressive India," to which I am indebted for some of the above facts, and from which I quote as follows: "The peace and freedom in which we live, the security with which we can go about from place to place, the facility with which we can get what we want, the scope we have for employing our energy and intellect to the best advantage, all these go to show the character and efficiency of the system of government. In the government of our country, we, its people, are progressively getting greater and greater opportunities of taking our share. This should not only be a matter of pride to those who have attained the privilege of holding high office, but also an incentive to all young men . . . to fit themselves . . . to take part . . . in public life. . . . There will always be some people to find fault and criticise the Government in season and out of season. But the people of India have been taught that loyalty to Government is a religious duty."

Such a statement from such a source ought to weigh more with intelligent

Americans than the blatant and false accusations of a few disappointed and disgruntled Indians, supported, in all probability, by German propaganda.

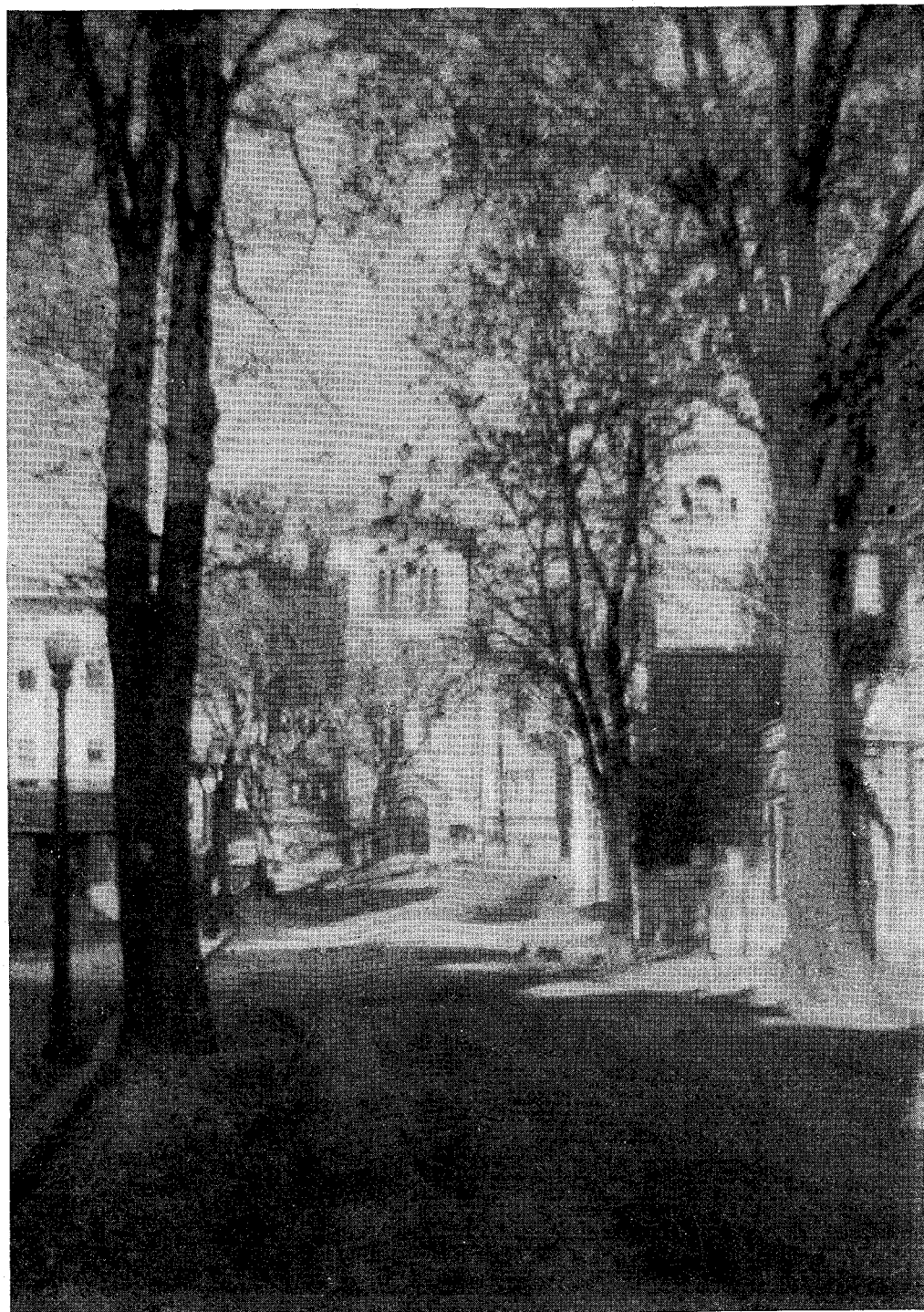
When Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, I called on him at the White House to pay my respects. He said, "You are from India?" I said, "Yes." "Well, what is your opinion of the British Government in India?" I said that, in my opinion, it is the best government India ever had and the best possible in present conditions. He replied: "I am mighty glad to hear you say so. It is exactly my own opinion." On another occasion he is reported to have said: "If Britain had never done more than what she has done for India, she would well merit her splendid reputation as a colonizing nation."

I am proud to have my own convictions confirmed by such a shrewd and far-seeing statesman as President Roosevelt. Considering the vast multitudes of such diverse races, creeds, and religions that go to make up the population of India, I do not believe there is a nation on earth that could give India a better government than she now has. I do not say it is perfect or as good as I hope and expect that it will be, but I do believe that it is the very best possible under present conditions. To do what a very small coterie of Indians are clamoring for, in my opinion, would be fatal to the prosperity of this great country.

Coonoor, South India.

THE TOWN SQUARE OF OLD PLYMOUTH

A PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



From Lillian M. Hobart, Plymouth, Mass.

A GLIMPSE OF PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, SHOWING THE TOWN SQUARE

The Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was celebrated December 21 with impressive ceremonies, a distinguished audience gathering to listen to an oration by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

HEMMED IN BY CIRCUMSTANCE

JUST now among the novelists there seems to be a recrudescence of the age-old question, Can man (and in fiction, naturally, more especially woman) escape the pressure of environment? Must we submit or may we break through? The novelist's answer in books of this new-old trend is apt to be dismal and hopeless. Such titles as that of Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Captives," and that of the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus, "The Inevitable," forbode the pessimistic reply, while Sinclair Lewis's much discussed and acclaimed "Main Street" is correctly described by its publishers as a picture of an "eager girl imprisoned in the smugness of the small town" and rebelling in vain against "respectability like a vast wall shutting out gayety and wonder." Perhaps it is a reflex of unstable moral and material conditions of the time that in none of these novels does the reader find the conquering courage that breaks through circumstance, that makes character and will power superior over crassness and deadness. The problem is really akin, in such writers' conception, to the Greek idea of tragic fate, immovable and irresistible; akin also to the old theological hard nut to crack—free will and predestination.

Mr. Walpole wrote the first part of "The Captives"¹ four years ago, laid it aside for other work, notably his delightful study of boy life in "Jeremy," and has but lately taken up and finished the present novel. One suspects that he was a little in doubt as to the just and logical outcome of his situation when he reached a certain point in its development. At least the latter part does not have the assured touch and the dramatic spirit of that part setting out the personal problem. His Maggie, a plain, not brilliant girl, is hemmed in captive by a narrow circle of religious fanatics, Second Adventists who know that the coming of the Lord is at hand. There was always "the spirit of the chapel watching her, spying on her to see that she did not escape." From this circle it seems that she is about to escape through the one love passion of her life, but distressful and fateful events make this escape impossible. She marries an English clergyman whom she does not love, only to find in his parish and family an equally repellent though different pietism and a total lack of human sympathy. Forces adverse and hateful seem to spring up on every hand. When she tries to find solace in rescuing her first and only lover, his broken and hopeless state makes the future wan and desolate. Maggie is a fine, strong character, stanch in her one great passion and a fighter against overwhelming odds. In distinction of literary workmanship Mr. Walpole is at his best in this story; if it is depressing and smileless, the

¹The Captives. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

fault is that of the theme. The book appeals strongly to those who can feel and think, not to those who want fun or excitement. It is drama, but drama of a subjective order.

Of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street"² Mr. William Allen White declares: "Our town (and presumably every small town) should vote bonds to distribute 'Main Street' in every home and compel its reading in the public schools." I disagree. Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, is not a typical American town. The basic fault of the book is that the author insists that it is. "Its Main Street," he says, "is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. The story would be the same in Ohio or Montana, in Kansas or Kentucky or Illinois, and not very differently would it be told Up York State or in the Carolina Hills." Not so. Gopher Prairie is untypical in human sympathy, in generous instincts, in kindness of heart. Its people are not merely heavy in mind, ludicrously dead to art and literature and world movements; they are selfish, grasper, slander-loving, ignoble. Mr. White himself has given us close studies of the Middle West small town in his two major novels; so has Zona Gale; so for New England communities have Alice Brown, Joseph Lincoln, and others. But mark the difference! In those stories the picture has light as well as dark; evil and ignorance are faithfully rendered, but there are also inspiration, fortitude, and sacrifice. In Gopher Prairie there is no one to admire; the nearest to it is Dr. Kennicott, husband of the would-be reformer, Carol; and he is a stolid doctor working hard to get money, easily tempted into intrigue without love, coarse in feeling as well as in taste.

Carol herself is a shallow sort of reformer; her mind is worried more because the townspeople have ugly houses than because they have ugly souls; she cannot forgive them for not reading Shaw, for not knowing who Kreisler is, or for not talking about Russian dancers. She means to "uplift" the town, but it hoots her æstheticism; she slowly yields to the inevitable; she becomes captive to the town, not its liberator.

This is the strongest criticism to be made on "Main Street." Opinions may differ as to the effectiveness of Mr. Lewis's excessive realism, which describes almost every store in town down to the knot-holes and the condition of the paint on every shelf. Some readers balk at this; others find it fascinating. At all events, the book is alive, and its actuality is vital even if painful. One is willing to go further than this, and admit that the story may be of value, but only as a half-complete photograph showing us the wrong side and hiding the right side of the truly typi-

²Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

cal American small town of the Middle West.

What is "Inevitable" in Mr. Couperus's novel of that name³ is that the beautiful and passionate woman in its foreground should be unable to resist her own worst fault of temperament. She loves a brutal, profane, cursing officer of a husband; divorces him when he beats her; becomes the mistress of a sweet-tempered, mild, and courteous artist and loves him deeply; accidentally sees her erstwhile husband, is fiercely moved by him again, and "inevitably" throws over the poor artist and again passionately loves the brute. What does this signify? Nothing.

But "Inevitable" is decidedly well written and translated; it is extremely attractive in its pictures of Rome, of Italian society, and of the foreign colonists—and is in this way a worthy companion piece to Zola's "Rome" and Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca" novels.

As a contrast to these three novels of hemmed-in conditions may be prescribed a capital old-fashioned historical tale with abundance of plot and action. In Mr. Knipe's "The Watch-Dog of the Crown"⁴ Sir Henry Seymour, Lord Admiral of England, even plots when, *literally*, his head is on the block. And the lovely Lady Frances Grey is his aid in planning the murder of the boy King Edward and the Princess Mary (later Bloody Mary), all for her who became Queen Elizabeth. The only thing that was "inevitable" for the sweet and wily Frances was that her love for Seymour should in time die out (after he became headless) and that she should love and wed her jailer, Talbot of the Tower, the "Watch-Dog of the Crown." A good tale this, and no nonsense of "inhibitions" and irresistible moonshine about it.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ESSAIS POUR UNE ESTHÉTIQUE GÉNÉRALE. By George Migot. Eugène Fl-guère et Cie. Paris.

We hardly realize the relationship which binds to all other art formulas the particular art formula characteristic of any artist, group, nation, race, or epoch. This relationship is emphasized in the present volume. Again, while many of us are able to criticize a work of art from the standpoint of composition or perspective or symmetry or rhythm, we hardly comprehend the unity of the combination of its own individual rhythms. It is to be feared that other peoples are not far ahead of Americans in this respect; hence the pertinence of what M. Georges Migot tells his French readers in these well-written and suggestive "Essais." As to

³The Inevitable. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

⁴The Watch-Dog of the Crown. By John Knipe. The John Lane Company, New York.

styles in art, M. Migot brings out more clearly than we have seen elsewhere the difference separating the Greek from such non-Hellenic styles as the Egyptian, the Japanese, and the Gothic. The Greeks placed emphasis on purely physical perfection to the detriment of the spiritual. This is why the faces in most Greek statues seem so monotonous; even the statues themselves seem often immobile; the faces of the statues and the portraits of non-Hellenic art are more individual, and the attitude of the figures more mobile and dynamic. With Greek, and largely with Renaissance, artists exterior atmosphere seems to stop with the exterior of a work of art; with a Gothic work of art, however, as M. Migot reminds us, the exterior atmosphere seems to penetrate to the interior and animate it.

SKETCHES OF GREAT PAINTERS. By Edwin Watts Chubb. Illustrated. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

This book is full of interesting information, well conveyed, about Raphael, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other old masters and about such modern masters as Millet, Corot, Turner, and Whistler. From such a volume of sketches we sometimes gain more atmosphere than we do from a formal history of art.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY PAN-AMERICANISM: ITS BEGINNINGS. By Joseph Byrne Lockey. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This scholarly study of the beginnings of Pan-Americanism comprises the first generation of the nineteenth century. Hence it considers the policy of Canning, Adams, Clay, Bolivar, and, above all, the effort to establish an American League of Nations, an effort which has received little historical comment. The present volume is notable because of such comment.

PEACE CONFERENCE DAY BY DAY (The). By Charles T. Thompson. Introductory Letter by Colonel E. M. House. Brentano's, New York.

Such a useful volume as this should assuredly have had an index. The work is not only extraordinarily informative but equally entertaining. Most of the book is in the form of a diary. It narrates the processes by which the Treaty of Versailles and the League Covenant were created. But its value is far more than a mere chronicle of the Paris Peace Conference. It reveals here and there the real character of those who made that Conference and gives many indications of the byplay going on all the time. Particular interest attaches to the references to President Wilson, as, for instance, his confidence as to the popular judgment in America concerning his Paris endeavors. "It will, in my opinion," he said, "approve the work we have done here." Or, again, when the President made the remarkably sweeping statement, "We have liberated peoples who never had a chance of liberty before." The author himself, however, is not above indulging in those statements, as when he speaks of "endless lines of American soldiers." His per-

sistent misspelling of foreign names is one of the amusing features of the book.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

SAINTS AND THEIR STORIES. By Peggy Webling. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This book tells us about Saints Christopher, Denis, Alban, George, Gregory, Augustine of Hippo, Augustine of Canterbury, Hugh, Dunstan, Zita, and other saints well known and not well known. The volume's chief value lies in the narrative of those not well known. The language is adapted to young readers. The illustrations are beautiful.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN. By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Mr. Spence adds to his informative volumes about the legends of Brittany and the Rhineland a volume concerning the legends of Spain. Here we find, as we have a right to expect, the great Spanish romances of the Cid and of Amadis de Gaul. We also find mention of Don Quixote in a final chapter.

WAR BOOKS

BUILDING THE EMERGENCY FLEET. By W. C. Mattox. The Penton Publishing Company, Cleveland.

We do not suppose that the general lay reader will be especially interested in this rather expensively gotten up book in spite of the fact that it is profusely illustrated and contains some interesting statistics and records of American ship-building skill during the World War. But perhaps the book is especially designed for those who had anything to do with the important ship-building phase of American war work. As a record of achievement the book has real value.

GALLIOLI DIARY. By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B. Illustrated. 2 vols. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

"There's nothing certain about war," says Sir Ian Hamilton, "except that one side won't win." Again: "The winner is asked no questions; the loser has to answer for everything." These are examples of the author's often epigrammatic style. His is a frank, unstudied account of a tragic campaign. The account is lightened somewhat by his characterization of Lord Kitchener, Winston Churchill, and others, including himself. As the reader turns page after page of these volumes he may be surprised to find that he is getting not only a valuable narration of a particularly interesting campaign, with the sidelights it throws on the careers of certain men of our time; he will find that the military man who writes the account is frequently capable of brilliantly atmospheric and poetic text.

MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY (The). By Bernard M. Baruch. Harper & Brothers, New York.

In Mr. Baruch's book we have the first adequate account of the work accomplished by himself and his associates on the Commission on Reparation established by the Paris Peace Conference. Lloyd George had just been re-elected

to power on the platform of collecting from Germany the costs of the war "shilling for shilling, ton for ton." As Germany could not pay such a colossal sum, the Allies finally acquiesced in the fundamental principle, originally enunciated by the American delegation, namely, that Germany's reparation obligations were to exclude war costs and be limited to what may be called actual damage. What were such damages as distinguished from war costs? Among them were damage to injured persons and to surviving dependents by personal injury to or death of civilians caused by acts of war or acts of cruelty, violence, or maltreatment, and also damage in respect of all property, wherever situated, belonging to any of the Allies. The reparation to be made, if in voluntary default, may, according to the Treaty of Versailles, take the form of seizure of German goods and property in the territory of the Allies. The principle of seizure had already been evoked by the chief belligerent countries, which had taken possession of private enemy property within their respective dominions. Now, as Mr. Baruch says, "irrespective of whether a belligerent country has a strict legal right to confiscate property of enemy nationals within its territory, we know that confiscation has been generally severely condemned in modern times." Mr. Baruch's book appears at a timely juncture, as the British Government has just renounced its right of confiscation of German property in the United Kingdom. It does so because it aims to restore trade between England and Germany. This trade has been hampered because German merchants, fearing a seizure of their goods, have avoided using British ships and have delayed re-establishing commercial agencies in Great Britain. The present volume should prove a valuable book of reference on any subject mentioned in the economic and reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

MISCELLANEOUS

KING'S TREASURES OF LITERATURE (The) General Editor, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Ten small volumes sent us by the publishers form part of a library which proposes to do for young readers what the well-established and popular Everyman's Library offers their elders. The series will give young readers little classics of literature in brief compass and in neat and attractive shape, and thus form a nucleus of a library and cultivate the love of good books. The scope and purpose of the library perhaps may be shown by quoting the titles of some of the specimens sent us: Addison's "De Coverley Papers" (we wonder if children really would read this); Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" (a capital selection); a version of the "Adventures of Odysseus" (well suited for juvenile reading); Miss Sewell's "Black Beauty"; Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes" (Greek myths); and selected essays by "Alpha of the Plough" (good reading, but not, we should say, especially adapted for children).

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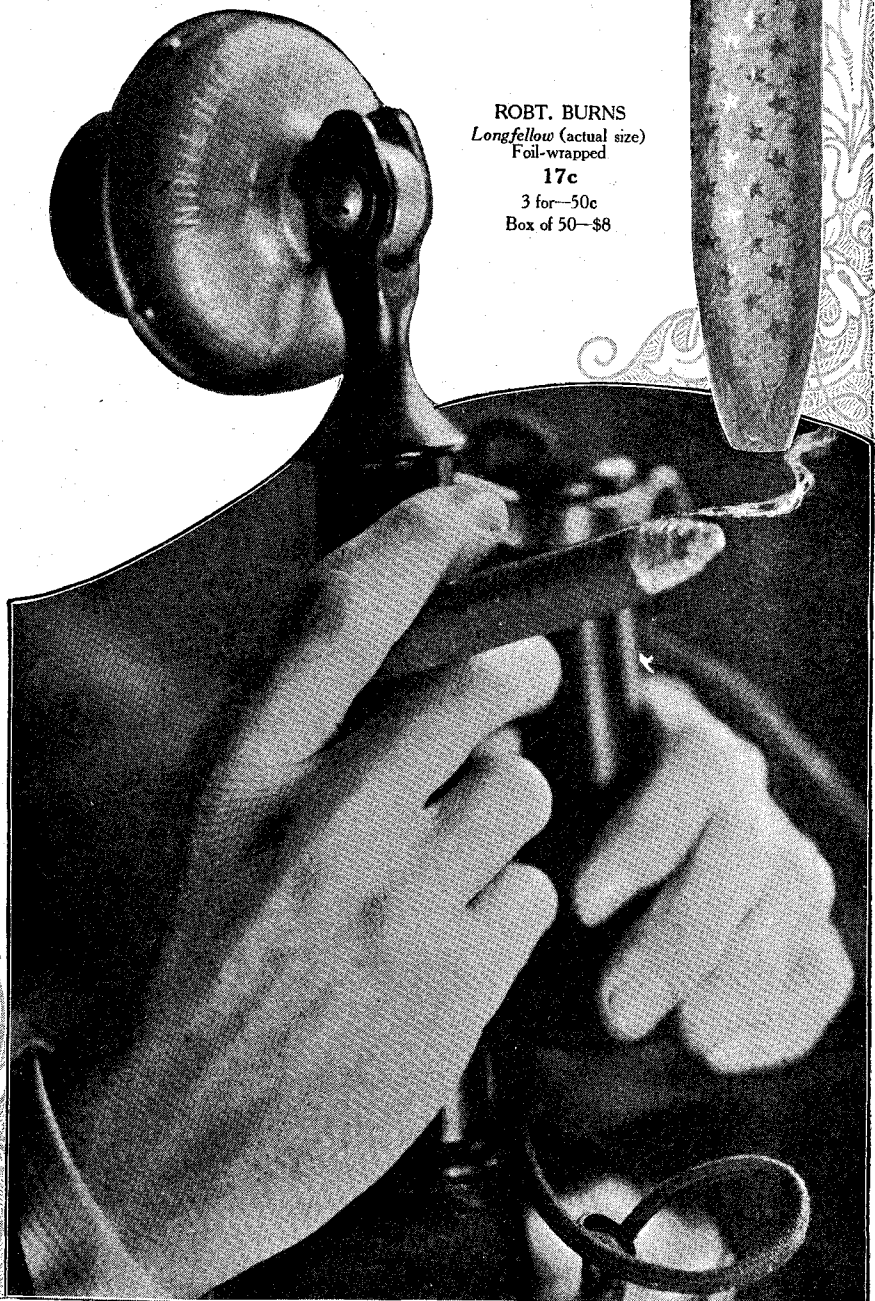
When you smoke your first Robt. Burns, the chances are you will say to yourself, "The very cigar I've been looking for—should have tried it long ago!"

Most good cigar stores sell Robt. Burns *Invincible* and *Longfellow*. Today is a good day to get acquainted.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

1920

WHAT has 1920 meant to you? Do you feel that 1920 has been a constructive or a destructive year?

Do you feel that 1920 can be made to serve as a foundation stone for a more constructive 1921?

What is the difference between fighting to make the world safe for democracy and fighting for liberty? Wherein did the real purpose of America entering the war fail and wherein did it succeed?

Does The Outlook correctly classify those who look upon 1920 with discouragement? What reasons can you suggest not mentioned in The Outlook's editorial for wishing to forget or remember the record of the past year?

Social Sanitariums and Social Doctors

Who is William R. George? What has been the influence of the Junior Republic idea upon American education?

Wherein does the criminal differ from the normal citizen? How has popular feeling towards the convict changed in the last one hundred years?

Do we maintain penitentiaries to protect the public, to punish the convict, or to reform him? Upon which of these three purposes do you think society should place the greatest emphasis?

Are there limits to the usefulness of the self-government idea? Is the prison community which Mr. George proposes a really self-governing community?

Is "legal infancy" an absurdity? Is it a fiction which the law has made into fact as a matter of social expediency, or has it been adopted as part of our legal system because it has been proved to further the real ends of social justice?

What lessons can be derived from the experience of Judge Lindsey in Colorado, of Thomas Mott Osborne at Sing Sing and at the Portsmouth Naval Prison, and from the experience of the War Department with the disciplinary company at Fort Leavenworth, which would tend to justify or vitiate the conclusions reached by Mr. George?

Foreign Impressions

On page 26 there is an article by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University on America. On page 30 there is an article by an American missionary on India.

What is the chief value to be derived from the study of critical articles such as these? Is the detached view of the foreigner more trustworthy than the intimate knowledge of the native?

What are the factors most likely to distort the truth as reflected in the observations of a foreigner? Of a native? Have the best studies of American gov-

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—THE EDITORS.

ernment been written by foreigners or natives?

Sir Arthur Shipley's View of America

What is the chief difference between the electoral practice of Great Britain and the electoral practice of America?

Do you agree with Sir Arthur's estimate of the value of the franchise? If you felt compelled to choose between a man whose politics you detested and a man whose past you deplored, would you feel justified in staying at home on election day? Are there ever any elections in which the issues are drawn with perfect clearness?

Can you justify or refute Sir Arthur's statement that the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed by Englishmen? Was a typical American character in process of development prior to the American Revolution? Name an American of Revolutionary times who was typically a product of American environment? Can you name more than one?

An excellent book to study in this connection is Henry Cabot Lodge's "Life of Washington," published by Houghton Mifflin.

British Rule in India

What do you really know about India besides the knowledge you derived from "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Gunga Din"? How much of our impressions of foreign countries is formed by literature and how much by historical study?

Mr. Downie states that most of our general information in regard to Indian conditions comes from interested and biased sources. In a court of law what weight is given to evidence from interested witnesses?

Wherein does the problem of governing India differ from that of governing a comparatively homogeneous country like the United States? How many nations, races, religions, and castes exist within the territory known as India?

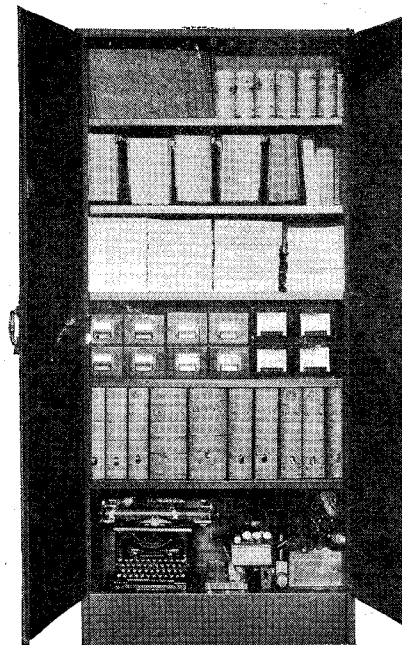
What is the prospect that these diverse elements will some day be united under the leadership of some one native group? Do you believe that such a unification is either feasible or desirable?

What tangible benefits has British rule conferred upon India? What items should be placed on the debit side of the accounting? What would be the probable result if Great Britain should withdraw her forces and agents from India tomorrow?

Our Declaration of Independence states that "governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Is this an axiom or a glittering generality to which definite exceptions may properly be made? What groups exist under the United States Government to-day which have not consented to the form of government which is over them?

Is a minority party in a democratic government governed without its consent?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



SANDOR L. LANDEAU, whose painting "The Three Wise Men," appropriate to Twelfth Day, is reproduced on the cover of this week's issue of The Outlook, is an American painter. He lived in Paris for twenty-five years, where he was a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin-Constant. He has traveled widely in Egypt, Palestine, Morocco, and Mexico. He was awarded a gold medal at a Paris Salon, 1907, for his picture "Prayer for Lost Seamen." The Boston "Transcript" finds his canvases of a temperamental character in affinity with Rembrandt. Mr. Landeau's studio is at Willink, New York, near Buffalo. In an inter-retation of the story which this painting illustrates Dr. Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, contributes to his issue one of his "Knoll Papers."

MMA MAURITZ LARSON has written numerous stories dealing with immigrants of various nationalities. She was born in Minnesota and has lived most of her life in St. Paul. She has been secretary of the St. Paul Playground Committee and reference librarian of the Minnesota Historical Library.

DR. DAVID DOWNIE is one of the veteran missionaries of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of New York, and has served forty-seven years in India.

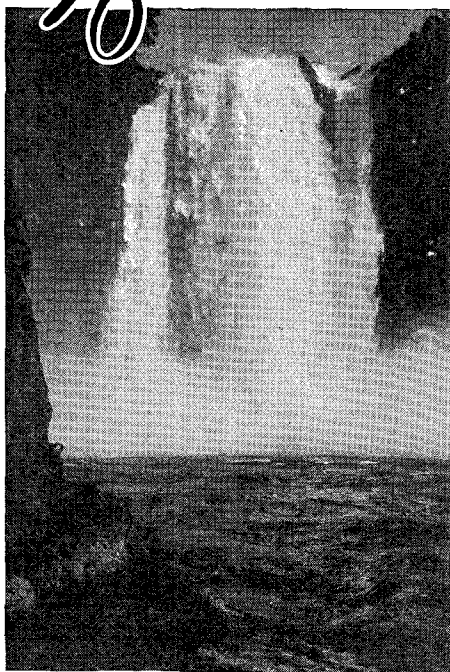
SIR ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY became Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1910, and was later made Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. He was a member of the Central Medical War Committee. He is the author of many scientific volumes.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON needs no new introduction to Outlook readers. Since Theodore Roosevelt reviewed his "Children of the Night" for The Outlook in 1905 Mr. Robinson's work has frequently figured in its columns.

W. R. GEORGE could not make up his mind as a youth whether he wanted to be a prize-fighter, a missionary to China, a preacher, or a New York traffic "cop." Instead, he went into the manufacturing business, but retained strong predilections toward these various other callings. He was sworn in as a special officer under Roosevelt when T. R. was Police Commissioner of New York. He organized a "Law and Order Gang" which made war with gusto upon the "Graveyard Gang" that hung out around St. Mark's. Mr. George organized his Junior Republic at Freeville, New York, twenty-five years ago.

"The conditions there for opening a Great World Port are Beyond Comparison."—P. H. W. Ross, President National Marine League of U. S. A.

1/6 of the Nation's Waterpower is tributary to Seattle — plus Coal (an unfailing supply)



Copyright Asahel Curtis

Snoqualmie Falls, a 270-foot cataract of roaring, iridescent beauty, within an hour's motoring of Seattle—whence comes a portion of the city's hydro-electric power.



The sources of eastern fuel power are fast waning. Seventy per cent. of the coal and 70 per cent. of the water power of the United States lie west of the Mississippi river. Industry can more readily move to power than power to industry. When the East loses its cheap power it loses its industrial kingship. The West is young, vigorous and aggressive and ready to snatch away the scepter.—Alexander T. Vogelsang, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, in Leslie's, Oct. 23, 1920.

By C. T. CONOVER

The water power gives a name to a range of mountains, the Cascades. It gives Seattle hydro-electric energy for almost limitless industrial expansion at the lowest possible cost.

Washington has also practically the only coal in the Pacific States, much of it immediately contiguous to Seattle—an enormous and unfailing supply for all purposes.

Probably nowhere on the Earth's surface is assembled such a wealth and variety of raw materials. Seattle's back country is preeminent in timber, grain, fruit, minerals and other basic products. Seattle is the chief fisheries port of the world. Into her lap pours the wealth of Alaska—Gold, Copper and Fish—a country capable of supporting 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 prosperous citizens, and with vast untouched resources. Seattle dominates in the trade with China, Japan, and that supreme undeveloped treasure land, Siberia, by the immutable law of distance. Consequently Seattle is the chief American port in the importation of Oriental Vegetable Oils, Raw Silk, Crude Rubber, Hemp, Tea, Hides, and the products of the Far East. Practically all offer outstanding manufacturing opportunities in Seattle.

Seattle's market is the world. Her harbor—194 miles of salt and fresh water frontage—is unequalled on the western hemisphere.

Seattle's climate gives her an advantage of 20 per cent. in manufacturing costs—a fact well proven by experience. Seattle has a scenic setting unequalled and is the healthiest city in the world.

Seattle has a large supply of skilled and common labor of the highest class. She has adopted the American plan—the open shop. A vital feature of her labor policy is "cards on the table face up" between employers and employees. No American city has a better labor condition or one brighter with promise.

Seattle is the leading railroad center on the Pacific Coast.

In volume of water-borne commerce Seattle is America's chief Pacific port. Inevitably, it would seem, she must become one of the great industrial centers of the world.

Seattle wants you, if there is a legitimate field for your particular industry, whether you are a little manufacturer or a big one. If your line is fully occupied or there does not appear to be an opening for it that promises success, Seattle will so advise you frankly. Seattle's climate is the best on the continent—you'll live longer here. Send for the booklet, "Seattle, the Seaport of Success."

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

TOURS & CRUISES

CALIFORNIA

Tours twice a week visiting all the well known resorts.

FLORIDA

Frequent tours during the height of the social season.

CRUISES

WEST INDIES

Delightful cruises with many shore excursions. \$450 and up.

SOUTH AMERICA

Wonderful 50 day Cruise-Tour. Sailing Feb. 15. \$1485 and up.

OTHER TOURS: Round the World, Europe, Arabian Nights Africa, Japan-China

Send for Booklet Desired

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
Boston
New York Phila. Chicago San Francisco

EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices. Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Choice Tours to Europe

Selected itineraries. Parties limited. Expert leaders. Reasonable prices. Tenth season.

DEAN-SCHILLING TOURS

161 A Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Capital National Bank, St. Paul, Minn.



SPRING TOURS to SICILY, GREECE, and ITALY

Sailing March 23rd from New York
Scholarly leadership

Freedom from annoying details of travel
REGISTER NOW

Other tours to suit individual purse and purpose

Write to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd St., Newton, Mass.

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

Superb routes. Splendid leaders. Satisfactory prices.
ART LITERATURE HISTORY, FRENCH SPANISH, ITALIAN

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS
65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The HAMILTON

14th & K Sts., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Select Family and Transient Hotel
Ideal Location. Modern appointments and Home-like. Good table. American plan. Rates reasonable; special rates for a prolonged stay. Booklet.
IRVING O. BALL, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed.

If You Are Tired or Need a Change you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK CITY

A Constantly Delightful Country Home
With City Conveniences

Kew Gardens Inn

KEW GARDENS, L. I.
Only 16 minutes from Penn. Station
Open Throughout the Year
New York's Newest and Finest Suburban Hotel
Kew Gardens Inn is a residential Hotel of Charm and distinction operated entirely on the American plan. An excellent table, with room arrangements, newly equipped and beautifully furnished, in one, two, three or more rooms, with one or more private baths.
Moderate prices. Golf-Tennis
Under **KNOTT Management**
GEO. H. WARTMAN, Manager
Telephone Richmond Hill 3892

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Le Marquis

12 East 31st Street
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commands itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social air-dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet glad sent upon request. Under **KNOTT Management**

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE Kirkwood
On Camden Heights
SOUTH CAROLINA
OPEN JAN. TO MAY
18-hole Golf, Riding, Climate
T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ

Health Resorts

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D. Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.



Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

LINDEN

The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanatorium)

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.

A private sanatorium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

Apartments

ITALY

American family, long resident in their own pleasant old villa with spacious grounds on hill just outside Siena, offers quite separate eight-room apartment, plainly furnished. Rent two hundred dollars year. Address Mrs. GEORGE R. NEWELL, Orlando, Fla.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

A FEW DESIRABLE COTTAGES
FOR RENT, ORMOND BEACH, FLA. For particulars apply to W. E. REESE, 243 Fifth Ave., New York City.

NEW YORK

Westport, on Lake Champlain.
Comfortable house for summer season. Four downstairs rooms, 5 bedrooms, modern conveniences, wide piazzas, spacious grounds. Beautiful view of Lake Champlain. Reasonable rent. Offers considered. 4,007, Outlook.

FARMS—33 STATES—\$10 to \$100 an Acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BM Nassau St., New York City.

WASHINGTON

APPLE ORCHARD producing high-grade commercial fruit
FOR SALE, 35 acres completely equipped with a modern bungalow and all machinery, tools, and buildings. A highly productive property in new growing district. Address PAUL MCKERCHER, White Salmon, Wash.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

BOOKS on pedigrees, genealogies, and coats of arms. Every Anglo-Saxon and Celtic name. Kindly inquire for particulars. Chas. A. O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York City.
STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.
BOOKS. Order all books relative to the Negro and by colored authors through Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.
1104 Pictured Nouns makes French, Spanish and Italian attractive and easy. \$1. C. Swezey, 21 Spruce St., New York.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

MOTHERS desiring hand-made and hand-embroidered dresses for their little girls six months to six years of age buy the "Mary Moore" dresses. They are exclusive in design, reasonable in price, best in material and workmanship. Write for sketches. The Irish Linen Company, Retail Dept., Davenport, Iowa.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

DUPLICATING DEVICES

"MODERN" DUPLICATOR.—A business getter. \$25 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter. No glue or gelatine. 40,000 firms use it. From dealers or on 10 days' trial from us. You need one. Write for free booklet B1. Durkin, Reeves & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Alstena, 6 East 33rd St., New York City

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217 St. Louis, Mo

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WRITE photoplays: \$25-\$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms, \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced bookkeeper, refined personality, for Eastern girls' boarding school. Thoroughly competent to take full charge of financial office. Protestant. Good salary and comfortable home. Good social environment. Give full particulars in first letter. 9,353, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5 Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED KINDERGARTEN TEACHER WANTED at once. Apply Superintendent Institution for the Feeble-Minded, Frankfort, Ky.

TEACHERS WANTED, men and women, for all departments of colleges and schools. Immediate and future vacancies. The Interstate Teacher's Agency, 717 Macheba Building, New Orleans, La.

GOVERNNESS, experienced, or kindergarten, Montessori trained, for four-year boy. Mrs. J. Reed Litt, Jenkintown (Phila.), Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

LADY, degrees B.S. and B.D., present employment secretary-stenographer to executive in manufacturing plant, desires position, religious work preferred. 9,324, Outlook.

PAGANT master available. Experienced. Capable of assuming full direction. 9,331, Outlook.

WANTED—Clerical position, by young man determined to succeed, with LAWYER where there is opportunity for study. SALARY to meet living expenses. 9,338, Outlook

Professional Situations

MALE ATTENDANT with special experience in bladder troubles wishes position as private nurse. 25 years old, high school education, speaks four languages, has traveled extensively. Highest class references. Write A. Goumaz, 220 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

TRAVELING companion, social secretary, young woman with business experience. Speaks French. 9,335, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
POSITION as managing housekeeper, January 15. References exchanged. Mrs. Edwards, 4414 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG woman wishes position with person or persons going West or South for the winter. 9,350, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING governess, experienced, takes care children, teaches languages, music, desires engagement mornings. 9,339, Outlook.

TUTOR in private family by cultured, refined young man from South. Age 25. University graduate. 3 years' experience. Most excellent references. 9,332, Outlook.

WANTED, by Southern gentlewoman (normal and college graduate with teaching and tutoring experience), position as resident tutor. City, country, or travel. 9,343, Outlook

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 305 West 95th St.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED, for summer gift shop, space in established tea shop or private house on automobile road, preferably north shore of Massachusetts. 9,349, Outlook.

CRUISES TOURS INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

A Few Suggestions

WEST INDIES

A Cruise de Luxe will sail from New York on March 12 by palatial GREAT WHITE FLEET steamer S. S. "ULUA." Most attractive itinerary.

CALIFORNIA—ALASKA

Luxurious tours—frequent departures.

JAPAN—CHINA— PHILIPPINES

Escorted tours will sail from the Pacific Coast February 5, 19, March 5, 16 and April 21.

SOUTH AMERICA

From New York February 8 and 26, visiting all parts of East and West Coasts.

EUROPE

Exceptionally well - planned spring and summer programs. Escorted and individual travel.

Our service leaves you free to enjoy everything that your travels should mean to you. Talk over with us your tentative plans and make reservations now.

THOS. COOK & SON

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto

TO PROTECT



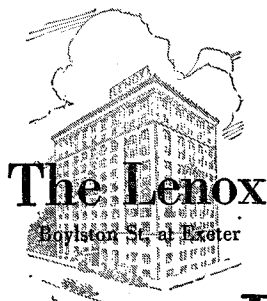
At night—an intruding cough or cold, a sore throat or hoarseness is soon relieved by Piso's. It can gain no foothold and become serious, if yours is one of the million homes that keeps Piso's always within reach on the medicine shelf.

35c at your druggist's

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

THE LENOX and THE BRUNSWICK



The Lenox
Boylston St. at Exeter

Boston

The Brunswick Shop

Louis Sherry candies, luncheon, ices, and tea in delightfully different surroundings.

The Egyptian Room

The brightest spot in Boston's night-life.

LEO REISMAN'S FAMOUS
DANCE ORCHESTRA

*Music that makes midnight
come too soon.*



The Brunswick
Boylston St. at Conley Square

Both hotels in the heart of the fashionable Back Bay near the railroad stations.

Both convenient to the shops and theatres.

Both providing complete, adept service under the same management.

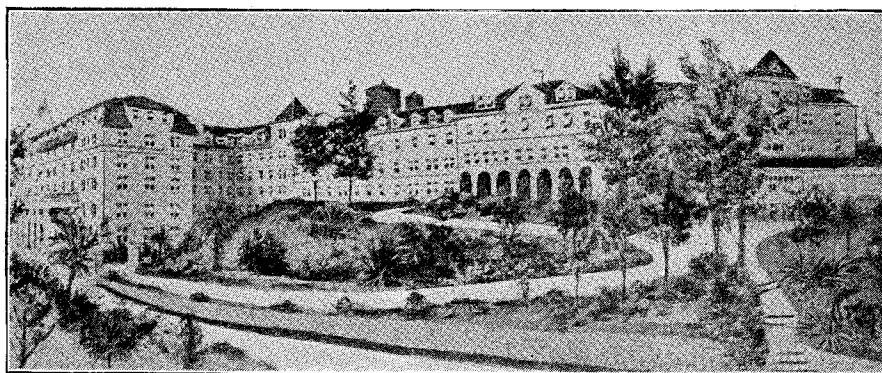
L. C. PRIOR, *Managing Director*

HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant? The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



THE HAMILTON HOTEL—Bermuda

The Queen of Winter Resorts

THE largest and finest hotel on the Islands—and of fireproof construction; modern in equipment and operation. Golf, tennis, boating, riding, driving, dancing, fishing, bathing in the sea; glass enclosed sun parlor 200 feet long. Grill. 400 outside rooms—250 with connecting bath.

HAMILTON HOTEL COMPANY, Ltd.

Management of J. A. Sherrard

"Cable Address
Hotel Bermuda"

(Booklet)

Summer resort—Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, Mass.—June to Sept.

McCutcheon's



Twenty-four
pages of
remarkable
values

Send for McCutcheon's January Sale Book



We have planned that this January Sale shall be the most important of any in our long experience.

By careful and foresighted buying all through the war years we have been able to keep our Household Linen prices an average of about 20% to 25% below current market prices. Recent reductions in Belfast Manufacturers' prices therefore only bring their prices to the level at which we have been offering our goods for some time.

But in order to do our part in helping to bring prices back to normal and to meet present conditions and demands, we shall make reductions during January on our Household Linens from these already moderate prices—amounting in many cases to $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

We make these reductions with the full realization that it may be impossible for us to replace the goods offered at the same prices.

The range of goods on which these reductions are made is so wide that all may find what they want.

The special catalogue No. 35, giving detailed descriptions and prices of Household Linens, as well as special values in other departments, will be mailed upon request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets, New York

BY THE WAY

Of late years few things "made in Germany" have been worthy of anything except opprobrium; but a German newspaper recently instituted an idea that has elements of merit in it. This was a Good Manners Week, which certainly seemed a thing badly needed in Berlin, not only for one week but all the year round. The reporters of the Berlin "Morgenpost" were instructed to watch for acts of chivalry, such as helping old ladies with their bags, giving up one's seat in the last 'bus home, and so on. If they caught you in the act, you received a handsome prize. For one week, good deeds are said to have been numerous in the German capital.

A New York City paper has also started a campaign for politeness. It gives \$50 as a daily prize for the person most polite to its representative who ask questions at random in the streets and either get "turned down" or receive courteous replies which are rewarded in proportion to their civility.

The Southern Pacific Railway has just completed a motion picture depicting graphically the story of oil, tracing its history from production to consumption. The film, according to the "Railway Age," will be shown at all terminals and at principal points of the System as an aid in teaching the conservation of this product. The Southern Pacific uses 60,000,000 gallons of oil a month or about 16 per cent of all oil produced in California. The fuel industry, it is said, faces a crisis; those who depend upon the industry must take heroic measures if they would stave off disaster, and the picture shows what these measures are.

"'Tis said that Brother K—— R—— arrived home very late from our last meeting," a fraternal news sheet reports, "and that the next morning at the breakfast table he had to answer for it. 'Didn't I hear the clock strike 2 as you came in last night?' 'Yes, you did. It started to strike 11 and I stopped it so's not to waken you.'"

The American language as overheard in a Missouri hospital, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

Son (at the bedside)—"She'll be all right now if nuthin' don't set up."

Father—"Nuthin' 'll set up. She lay down all the time."

The "smart" Parisienne, according to the Paris correspondent of the "Millinery Trade Review," must have at least six different hats to wear on various occasions. "Everybody must have a fur hat," she says—"that is, a toque with a narrow brim. The second indispensable hat is a small wireless affair with a soft crown swathed in folds of ribbon or velvet. Next on the list comes the largish ribbon shape which is so smart with less severe tailor-mades for lunches, picture shows, or the races. For receptions and teas, the large hat

reigns supreme. For evening gowns we find a new idea; the tight Persian turban rolled and ending at one side in a fold of the stuff long enough to form a scarf. The sixth type of hat, for restaurants and hotels, belongs to the smallish round crownless variety." Thus Fashion is coming to her own again in her chosen capital.

Legends of the terrible deeds of Christophe, the black King of Haiti from 1811 to 1820, are so numerous that it is a relief to find one of them discredited in an article in the "National Geographic Magazine." The writer of the article says that on a visit to Christophe's famous "citadel" a masonry chute was shown to him and described as a "death slide," through which, Christophe hurled his victims down, to the valley far below. "Subsequent investigation," he says, "revealed the fact that the end of the 'death slide' was less than twenty feet above a terrace and that it must have been designed merely as a chute for refuse!"

A Pine Mountaineer who plays the fiddle gives his philosophy of music in the "Pine Mountain Settlement Notes:"

"I take my fiddle when things are botherin' me, maybe the financial matters of the world, an' I sit down an' play me a tune, and, don't you know, I feel better. Or when the aggravations gethers round about me, or I get mad, I can set down an' play, an' pretty soon the aggravations is plumb driv' away."

Which is good philosophy and enforces the lesson that a hobby on the side is a good thing for everybody to drive away "the aggravations."

Two farmers met after church, as reported by an up-State correspondent, and had this conversation:

"Sold your pig?"

"Yes."

"What d'ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars."

"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"

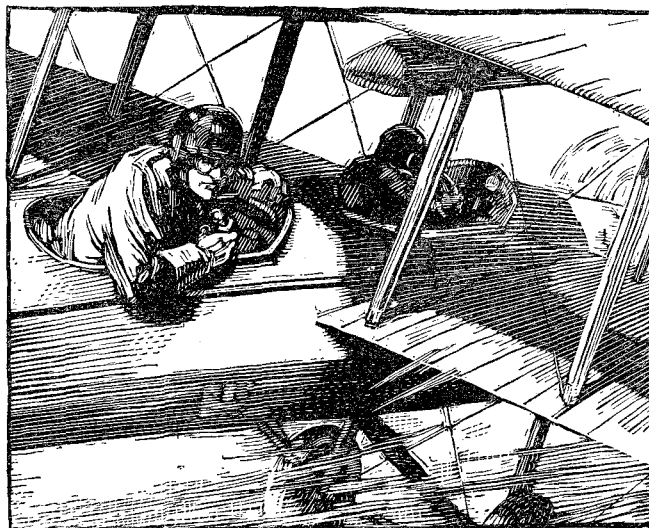
"Paid three dollars for the shoat, five dollars for the lumber in the pen and house, and five more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

A correspondent, who satirically inserts extra "p's" throughout his letter, takes us to task for putting a city named "Binghampton" on the map of "the only established air route across America" which appeared in our issue of November 24. In urging us to mind our "p's" if not our "q's" he asks: "Why insult the memory of Patroon Bingham, after whom the city is named, by making his name appear to have been Bingham? The city is not a 'Hampton' allied to a 'Bing' prefix. It is simply 'town' or 'ton' added to the name of the old-time proprietor of the territory now covered by the city of Binghamton."

We apologize, in the name of our map-maker, to Patroon Bingham and trust that he will be kind enough not to haunt our typographical dreams.



Even the upper air is charted

TO guide the aviator, the air-lanes have been mapped—in the field of finance, the roads that lead to careful investment are also marked.

Our Monthly Securities List is in effect an investment chart. It represents the results of careful analysis backed by our experience and judgment, and lists only securities which we have purchased and recommend for investment.

This list is yours for the asking. Send for Z-152.

Facts for CAREFUL INVESTORS

OUR book, "Men and Bonds," giving information on the following subjects, will be sent on request:

Why we handle only carefully investigated investment securities.

The wisdom of purchasing securities from a Company large enough to maintain far-reaching investigation service.

The importance of buying investment securities from a house with more than 50 offices and international connections and service.

Why the careful investor selects

securities from a broad range of offerings.

How 10,000 miles of National City Company's private wires keep our offices in leading investment centers of the country in constant touch with our New York headquarters.

Your advantage in dealing with a Company whose representatives talk with an average of 3,000 banks a day.

Why these sales representatives are especially qualified to helpfully discuss your individual investment needs.

For a copy of this book, address our New York office, asking for Z-139.

The National City Company

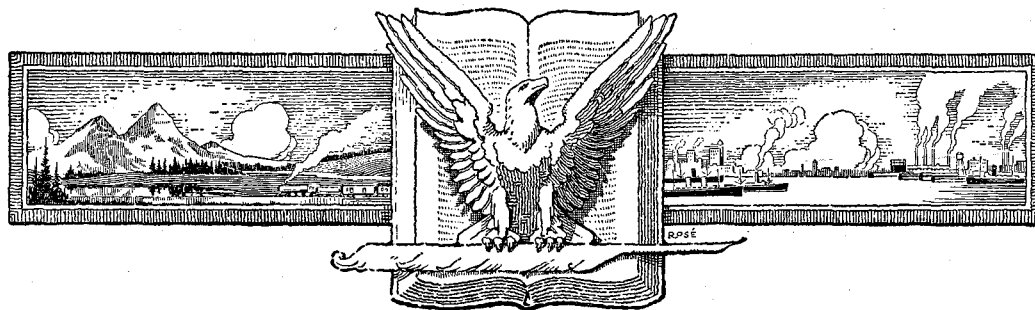
National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS PREFERRED STOCKS ACCEPTANCES



Important Announcement!

THE COUNCIL TABLE



Fifteen notable Americans to speak to you through *THE WORLD'S WORK*. Every outstanding question of the day will be discussed for the benefit of *THE WORLD'S WORK* readers—Education, Politics, Government and Foreign Affairs; What's Ahead in Business. On these and many other important problems before the country none can speak with greater authority than these foremost citizens.

Edwin A. Alderman
President, University of Va.

Charles W. Eliot
Pres. Emeritus Harvard University

Cass Gilbert
Architect and Publicist

James G. Harbord
Major-General U. S. Army

Henry J. Haskell
Editor, Kansas City Star

Henry Morgenthau
Former U. S. Ambassador to Turkey

William S. Sims
Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy

Henry L. Stimson
Ex-Secretary of War

Herbert Hoover
Chairman, American Relief Admin.

Erie C. Hopwood
Editor, Cleveland Plain Dealer

Franklin K. Lane
Ex-Secretary of the Interior

Robert S. Lovett
Railroad President and Financier

Daniel D. Moore
Editor, New Orleans Times-Picayune

Booth Tarkington
Novelist and Publicist

Casper S. Yost
Editor, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

There is an important Council Table Contribution in the January number

And among many other intensely interesting features are :

The Czar baffled by the oriental guile of Li Hung Chang—*Sowing the seed for the Red Russia of to-day—a remarkable chapter in the Memoirs of Count Witte, former Prime Minister of Russia.*

Lion Spearing with the Natives in East Africa—*The engaging adventure story of Carl E. Akeley, of the American Museum of Natural History.*

Needed 200,000 trained teachers—*an interview with P. P. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education.*

The Social Influence of Motion Pictures—*by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, widely known writer on Motion Pictures.*

Kings of Chemistry—*by Samuel Crowther.*

THE WORLD'S WORK

On Sale at all News-stands

SPECIAL OFFER.—Although the regular price for *THE WORLD'S WORK* is \$4.00 a year, we will enter your subscription for Seven Months for \$2.00 to "Get Acquainted." Just your name and address on the coupon attached. *You need not send the money now—you can send that later after your subscription has been entered.*

THE WORLD'S WORK, Garden City, New York
Enter my subscription for seven months. I will send you the two dollars upon receipt of your bill, after my subscription has been entered. 0-15-

Name
Street
City
State